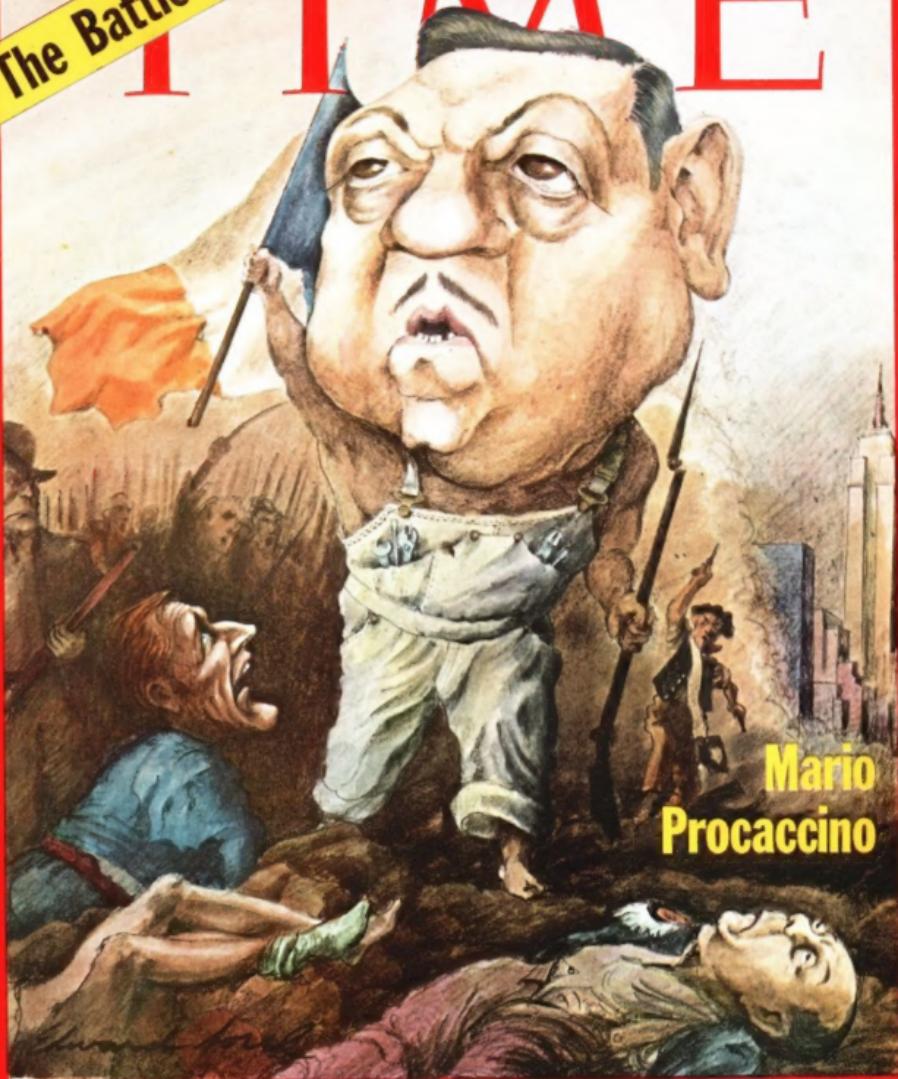


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OCTOBER 3, 1969

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TIME



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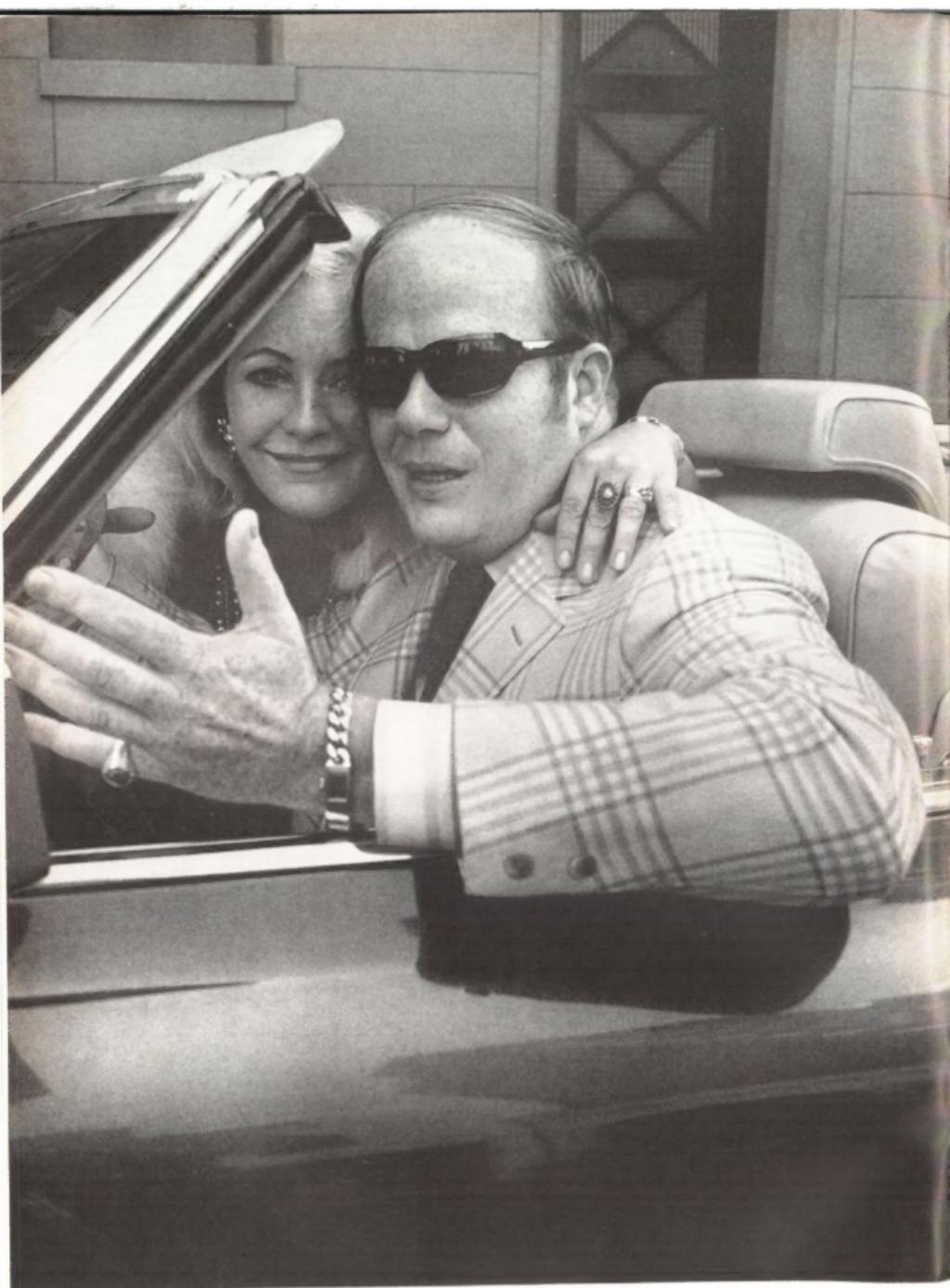
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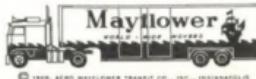
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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, October 1

KRAFT MUSIC HALL (NBC, 9-10 p.m.).⁶ Admirers as varied as Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, Don Drysdale and Jack Benny participate with Roastmaster Alan King as "The Friars Club 'Roasts' Milton Berle."

Thursday, October 2

NET PLAYHOUSE (NET, 8:30-10 p.m.). An updated version of Carl Zuckmayer's 1936 movie, *Rembrandt* tells the story of the artist's life through long years of sorrow and loneliness, when his paintings went unsold and unwanted. With Richard Johnson, Jill Bennett and Terri Stevens.

THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIE (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). Out at her beach house, a free soul (Elizabeth Taylor) enchants a minister-headmaster (Richard Burton), and causes his wife (Eva Marie Saint) a lot of grief in *The Sandpiper* (1965).

Saturday, October 4

WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). Gold Cup Powerboat Race from San Diego, Calif., and National Parachuting Championships from Tucson, Ariz.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9:11:15 p.m.). A message written in hieroglyphics pulls Ancient Languages Professor Gregory Peck into a wild adventure, with Sophia Loren as part of the stakes in *Arabesque* (1966).

N.C.A.A. FOOTBALL (ABC, 9:30 p.m.-12:30 a.m.). Mississippi's Rebels meet Alabama's Crimson Tide at Birmingham.

Sunday, October 5

ISSUES AND ANSWERS (ABC, 12:30-1 p.m.). Interview with Vice President Spiro Agnew.

SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9:11:45 p.m.). Splendid Edwardian adventure, with Stuart Whitman, Terry-Thomas, Sarah Miles and planeloads of other stars sky-larking their way through *Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines* (1965).

THE FORSYTE SAGA (NET, 9-10 p.m.). This dramatization of John Galsworthy's sequence novel of a large, *nouveau-riche* English family begins in 1879, and carries them through 50 years—and 26 weekly installments—of scandal, true love, success and misunderstanding. The series, with Kenneth More, Eric Porter and Nyree Dawn Porter, became a "national obsession" in Britain, where it first played.

Monday, October 6

NET JOURNAL (NET, 9-10 p.m.). "Speak Out on Drugs" brings together eight 15-to-20-year-olds who talk about their experiences with marijuana, LSD and "speed" (amphetamine). Questions phoned in by viewers will be answered and discussed by an M.D., a lawyer and a psychologist.

Tuesday, October 7

FROM HERE TO THE SEVENTIES (NBC, 8:30-11 p.m.). The problems of today (race, environment, hunger, overpopulation) and the concerns of the future (sexual permissiveness, space, today's youth grown up) are given serious consideration by twelve top news commentators, including John Chancellor, Chet Huntley, David Brinkley, Edwin Newman, Barbara Wal-

ters, Elie Abel, Aline Saarinen. Actor Paul Newman is the viewer's guide through the thicket of subjects.

CBS PLAYHOUSE (CBS, 9:30-11 p.m.). An original script by Earl Hammer, "Appalachian Autumn" stars Arthur Kennedy, Teresa Wright and Estelle Winwood.

THEATER

On Broadway

FOUR CARATS features Julie Harris as a 40-year-old divorcee wooed by a lad in his 20s, while her teen-age daughter runs off with a widower of 45.

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM is Woody Allen's new comedy, in which he plays a woefully unconfident young man trying desperately to be as successful with girls as his idol, Bogey.

Off Broadway

ADAPTATION—NEXT. Elaine May directs two of last season's funniest one-acters, *Adaptation*, which Miss May also wrote, is the game of life staged like a television game. *Next*, by Terrence McNally, is about a middle-aged man undergoing a series of humiliating pre-induction examinations.

NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY. Charles Gordone has written a black panther of a play, sometimes tending toward melodrama, but always fierce and absorbing.

TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK is a moving and often amusing evening of readings and dramatizations from the works of the late Lorraine Hansberry.

DAMES AT SEA. The cast is still tapping its way to stardom in this affectionate parody of the movie musicals of the '30s.

CINEMA

THE GYPSY MOTHS. Superficially a film about skydiving, *The Gypsy Moths* is in fact another investigation by Director John Frankenheimer into the nature and quality of courage. If the story seems too slender and deliberate to bear its weight of rather sophomore philosophy, there are many scenes—including a lengthy skydiving sequence—of individual brilliance.

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN. Woody Allen appears as a crook in this crazy crime flick (also directed and coauthored by him) that comes on like gangbusters.

MARRY ME, MARRY ME. Claude Berri (*The Two of Us*) has directed another wistful film, this one about courtship, love and marriage in a French Jewish family.

Alice's RESTAURANT. Arthur Penn has deepened and widened the scope of Arlo Guthrie's hilarious talking-blues record and transformed it into a melancholy epitaph for an entire way of life. Alternately funny and poignant, *Alice's Restaurant* may be the best film about young people ever made in this country.

MEDIUM COOL is the most impassioned and impressive film released so far this year. Writer-Director-Cinematographer Haskell Wexler's loose narrative about a TV cameraman during last summer's Chicago convention fuses documentary and narrative techniques into a vivid portrait of a nation in conflict.

THE WILD BUNCH. There are equally generous doses of blood and poetry in this western directed by Sam Peckinpah. Telling a violent yarn about a group of free-booting bandits operating around the Tex-Mex border at the turn of the century,

Peckinpah uses both a fine sense of irony and an eye for visual splendor to establish himself as one of the best Hollywood directors.

STAIRCASE. There are two good reasons to see this film version of Charles Dyer's play, and they are Richard Burton and Rex Harrison. Portraying a bickering, desperate homosexual couple on the brink of old age, both men turn in their best screen performances in years.

TRUE GRIT. At 62, John Wayne is still riding tall in the saddle. Playing a hard-drinking but soft-hearted lawman in this cornball western comedy, Wayne proves that his nickname, "The Duke," has never been more apt.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE EGG OF THE GLAK AND OTHER STORIES, by Harvey Jacobs. Bizarre urban fairy tales delivered with the kick and rhythm of a nightclub comedian.

JESUS REDISCOVERED, by Malcolm Muggeridge. The 66-year-old British cultural curmudgeon writes tellingly of the ways and means and meditations that led to his conversion to Christianity.

FAT CITY, by Leonard Gardner. A brilliant exception to the general rule that boxing fiction seldom graduates beyond the level of caricature.

THE FRENCH: PORTRAIT OF A PEOPLE, by Sanchez de Gramont. Only the cuisine comes off unsavory in this entertaining analysis vinaigrette of the French national character.

BIRDS, BEASTS AND RELATIVES, by Gerald Durrell. Zoology begins at home, or at least that's the way it seems to Naturalist Durrell, who recalls his boyhood in-

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fatuation with animals and his family's strained tolerance of some of the things that followed him into the house.

THE COST OF LIVING LIKE THIS, by James Kennaway. An intense and coldly accurate novel about a man's coming to terms with two women who love him and the cancer that is pinching off his life.

DONA FLOR AND HER TWO HUSBANDS, by Jorge Amado. A sensuous tale of a virtuous lady and her conjugal rites—as vivid and cheerfully bawdy as Boccaccio.

THE BIG LITTLE MAN FROM BROOKLYN, by St. Clair McKelway. The incredible life of Stanley Clifford Weyman, who cracked the upper crust by posing at various times with U.S. consul general to Algiers, a physician and a French naval officer.

FLASHMAN: FROM THE FLASHMAN PAPERS 1839-1842, edited and arranged by George MacDonald Fraser. But don't believe it for minute. Though *Flashman* has fooled several scholars, it is actually an agreeable fictional takeoff on assorted British tales of derring-do in the days of the Empah.

SHAW: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY (1856-1898), selected by Stanley Weintraub. Shaw never wrote one. But this paste-and-scissors portrait fashioned from fragments of the great man's work serves its purpose well enough.

COLLECTED ESSAYS, by Graham Greene. In notes and criticism, the prolific novelist provocatively drives home the same obsessive point: "Human nature is not black and white but black and grey."

PAIRING OFF, by Julian Moynahan. The book masquerades as a novel but is more like having a nonstop non sequitur Irish

storyteller around—which may, on occasion, be more welcome than well-made fiction.

SIAM MIAMI, by Morris Renek. The trials of a pretty pop singer who tries to sell herself and save herself at the same time. Astoundingly, she manages both.

THE YEAR OF THE WHALE, by Victor B. Scheffer. The most awesome of mammals has been left alone by literary men almost since *Moby Dick*. Now Dr. Scheffer, a scientist working for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, writes of the whale's life cycle with a mixture of fact and feeling that evokes Melville's memory.

MILE HIGH, by Richard Condon. The author's mania for mania is still evident. But this flawed novel about a man who invented, and then profited from Prohibition eventually settles into unpalatable allegory.

THE FOUR-GATED CITY, by Doris Lessing. In the final novel of her *Children of Violence* series, the author takes Heroine Martha Quest from World War II to the present. Then the meticulous, disturbing book proceeds into the future to demonstrate the author's extrasensory conviction that global disaster is at hand.

THE END OF LIBERALISM, by Theodore J. Lowi. Much liberal policy but little liberalizing practice has characterized the U.S. Government for more than 30 years, says this University of Chicago professor, who argues for a dumping of pragmatism and political pluralism in favor of tough, well-planned and well-enforced Government standards.

MYSTERIES OF EASTER ISLAND, by Francis Mazière. The brooding huge monoliths of Easter Island, 2,000 miles off the coast of

Chile in the Pacific, have held an abiding fascination for generations of archaeologists. Mazière has new theories about the men who produced them and why, though the impact of his research is somewhat blunted by the fact that boulder-size chunks were lifted from previous work by an obscure Capuchin priest named Father Sebastian Englert.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **The Godfather**, Puzo (1 last week)
2. **The Love Machine**, Stuann (2)
3. **Portnoy's Complaint**, Roth (4)
4. **Naked Come the Stranger**, Ashe (5)
5. **The Pretenders**, Davis (6)
6. **The Andromeda Strain**, Crichton (3)
7. **Ada**, Nabokov (9)
8. **The Goodbye Look**, Macdonald (8)
9. **The Promise**, Potok
10. **A Place in the Country**, Gairnham (10)

NONFICTION

1. **The Peter Principle**, Peter and Hull (1)
2. **The Making of the President 1968**, White (2)
3. **The Kingdom and the Power**, Talesis (3)
4. **My Life with Jacqueline Kennedy**, Gallagher
5. **Between Parent and Teenager**, Ginott (6)
6. **An Unfinished Woman**, Hellman (5)
7. **Captive City**, Demaris (7)
8. **The Money Game**, Adam Smith (10)
9. **Jennie, Martin (4)**
10. **Miss Craig's 21-Day Shape-Up Program for Men and Women**, Craig (9)

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- 6 What kind of parents do hippies make?
- 7 Why it may be time to end the taboo against incest.
- 8 The inferiority feelings of men who seek corporate power.
- 9 What the schizophrenic is trying to tell us.
- 10 Are campus activists rebelling against the system—or their parents?
- 11 What your daydreams reveal about your ethnic background.
- 12 Why do swingers tend to become impotent?
- 13 Is it time to grant the right to commit suicide?
- 14 Does a child think before he can talk?
- 15 Why are today's students attracted to violence?
- 16 Are "hawks" sexually repressed?
- 17 Are some men born criminals?

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LETTERS

Meir and the Middle East

Sir: I read your cover story [Sept. 19], "Middle East: Toward the Brink."

Having just visited the Middle East, I found your story to be biased, one-sided, and completely accurate. As an American Jew, I thank you.

ALAN KING

Manhattan

Sir: I'm disgusted with the news of the attacks on the Arabs. I'm not overlooking the raids of Al-Fatah, made across the Israeli border, but I admire them for at least putting up a struggle to keep their country intact.

The Arabs are warm, kind, generous people. They do not wish to be the supreme power in the Middle East. They ask only for what belongs to them—that that they are entitled. Their land, their country, their pride. Is that not the reason we are in the Viet Nam war, so that the Vietnamese may keep what belongs to them?

BARBARA D. OWEN

Columbus

Sir: The trouble with the Israelis is that they are too damn decent and moral. Arabs are without scruples, and where it suits their purposes they break cease-fire agreements, employ paramilitary terrorists, plant bombs in marketplaces, hijack and shoot at Israeli civilian planes, kill Jews and their gentle sympathizers in Europe and America, enlist the use of U.N. agencies in their cause, and generally ignore civilized conduct and international laws and norms. It is time that the Israelis also ignored international conventions and played the same immoral game.

J. ROSS

Johannesburg, South Africa

Sir: "A State Department official grumbled, 'When is Israel going to learn that it cannot shoot its way to peace?'" Ah! When is the U.S. going to learn that we cannot shoot our way to peace in Viet Nam? Considering our Government's reaction to a small war 10,000 miles away, one shudders to think of what our reaction would be if we found ourselves in Israel's position. Perhaps this unnamed official should be put in charge of our Viet Nam policy (if we had one).

BOB WOODSIDE

Assistant Professor

East Carolina University
Greenville, N.C.

Sir: That is a very good portrait of Israel's Golda Meir, but there are two things missing: a broom to match her looks, and a swastika to show her true personality and ideals.

FRANCISCO J. PEGO

Manhattan

Peace Now!

Sir: It has become increasingly apparent that President Nixon either ignores the fact or simply does not care that innocent Americans are dying by the dozens every day in Viet Nam.

I wish there were some way to force President Nixon to spend a few days at the overseas replacement station in Oakland, where he would have to watch dead Americans from Viet Nam in plastic bags being unloaded from plane after plane, day after day, week after week after week. Maybe he would then get the true picture and realize that he could stop the suf-

ferring with the stroke of a pen. Perhaps then this realization would prompt him to do what he should have done long ago: to bring all the troops home now,

STEPHEN M. SNOW

Salt Lake City

Black v. White in Viet Nam

Sir: In your article "Black Power in Viet Nam" [Sept. 19], you say that many of the blacks in Viet Nam regard the war as "white man's folly." This is not a white man's war; it is a no man's war. There should be no Americans, black, white or otherwise, in Viet Nam. The brown Vietnamese should fight for themselves.

DAVID HULTO

Gainesville, Ga.

Sir: Do you think the Viet Cong feel left out? Who can blame them for not wanting to negotiate when they can sit down and watch our side fight it out?

BILLY WARNER

Marquette, Mich.

Sir: After just reading your article on Black Power in Viet Nam, I feel kind of sick. I've always been sympathetic to the Negro's search for equal rights, but I think things are getting out of hand.

You talk about how they feel when they see a Confederate flag flying around. Well let me ask you this. How do you think the whites like myself feel when we see Black Power flags or when we see them give their Black Power salute? I can tell you one thing, it sure doesn't make us happy.

They can wear their hair in the Afro style, but I don't think I could get away with wearing my hair like my ancestors did and I think my culture is as important as theirs. They can organize their Ju-Ju and Mau-Mau clubs, but what would happen if whites tried to organize a Klan or something? We both have the same principle but you see who gets away with it.

You state that 52% of them would rather live in all-black barracks. Well what do you think would happen if I stated that we would rather live in all-white barracks when they started to move a Negro into my barracks? I would be called a racist, a bigot, and many other things, but all you call the Negro is a brother who wants to be with his brothers.

The blacks can study African culture if they want to, but they had also better get in touch with America's culture, because that's where they will be stopped if they don't.

(SGT.) JOHN W. DANIELS

A.P.O. San Francisco

Payments Not Deferred

Sir: Your article "Nationalization in Zambia" [Aug. 22] brings out very clearly some of the dilemmas facing investors in that country in the light of President Kaunda's recent move in asking the owners of Zambian copper mines to negotiate the sale of 51% of their shares to the state.

However, you are unfair to the Zambian government when you state that "the final payoff could be delayed for decades" because, you state, the compensation proposed by the Zambians could not possibly exceed \$5,000,000 a year from the two groups' sales of copper.

After royalty and tax payments to the Zambian government that last year to-

taled \$144 million from Roan Selection Trust alone, net income for the recent fiscal year was \$69 million. For the first nine months of that year the dividends were \$21 million of 40% of net income. Therefore a very considerable capacity exists for payment of dividends to both old and new owners, even after Zambia's very heavy taxation.

IAN MACGREGOR

Chairman

American Metal Climax, Inc.
Manhattan

► *TIME regrets that a transmission error in the correspondent's report led the editors to an incorrect conclusion.*

Euphemistic Euphemisms

Sir: After reading your Essay [Sept. 19] I couldn't help recalling my own experience with Government jargon while serving in the Peace Corps in Malawi. Nowhere else can a person be fired by being told he has been "selected out" or "de-selected." If he is lucky enough to be sent overseas, he must never refer to the natives without calling them "indigenous host-country nationals."

DELMARIE P. MOTTA

Pasadena, Calif.

Sir: You failed to point out the type of euphemism that, at one time or another, influences every American consumer. This is the "telling it like it isn't" pricing method used on most goods in this country.

With the magical use of "97¢ (79¢, 89¢) and phrases such as: "Under \$30" (meaning \$29.95), the American shopper is persuaded by advertisers and businessmen to buy items that "sound better" with these euphemistic changes.

It is ironic that even linguists opposed to euphemisms are not free of deception. Mario Pei's book is a euphemistic *mea culpa*.

HARRY SCHUTTE III

Westerville, Ohio

Private Plane Plea

Sir: Re your treatment of the recent mid-air collision near Indianapolis [Sept. 19]: any vehicle traveling three times the speed of another must have that slower vehicle almost directly in front of it for an appreciable time prior to collision. That the crew of the Allegheny DC-9 failed to see the Cherokee in reported visibility of 15 miles indicates nothing but lack of vigilance. The appalling tragedy is that in the last five cases involving an airliner and a private plane, the airliner has run down and destroyed the private plane from behind in clear weather.

R. C. JONES

Commercial Pilot

Annandale, Va.

Evangelical Enthusiasm

Sir: Thank you for the excellent article on the U.S. Congress on Evangelism [Sept. 19]. It was the fairest and most balanced article on evangelicism I have ever read in *TIME*. I am convinced that the Evangelical wing of the church is now where the action is.

BILLY GRAHAM

Montreat, N.C.

Sir: I have read *TIME* for more than 30 years. This was one of the finest pieces of interpretive journalism in the area of religion that I have seen in all the years that I have been a reader of the magazine. It caught the heartbeat of the Congress. It was ironic, it was filled with factual information, and it was as fair a



Weekends are special. The nine-to-five pattern is broken for a while, and you can do your own thing for yourself and your family.

Being in touch by Long Distance, for instance. Weekends are special for telephone rates, too. Rates are low all weekend long. You can call across country for as little as a dollar plus tax, Saturday as well as Sunday.

So why not call early this weekend and avoid the Sunday evening "rush hours".



**What are you doing 1:45
Sunday afternoon?**

presentation of evangelical life and thought as I have seen in many years.

HAROLD LINDSEY
Editor

Christianity Today
Washington, D.C.

Photo Flood

Sir: Lyndon's half-million pictures [Sept 19] average about one every ten minutes, day and night, for the time he was in office. No wonder he chose not to run—he was too sleepy. And Lady Bird must have been tense as hell with Okamoto always watching.

Your figures have got to be exaggerated.

LEONARD KIMBALL

North Miami, Fla.

► *Not at all. The daily total is the equivalent of about four rolls of 35 mm film less than an hour's supply for a fast-work inv professional.*

Burning Desire

Sir: I was amused that I could not get through the article "Cold-Turkey Month" [Sept. 19] without lighting a cigarette.

LUCY BERN

Escondido, Calif.

Role Playing

Sir: I have followed the Williams Buckley-Gore Vidal fight [Sept. 12] for over a year. There is a solution! If Raquel Welch and Rex Reed resign their roles as Myra and Myron Breckinridge, 20th Century-Fox could then hire Buckley and Vidal to take their roles. It would be up to the mov-

ies to decide which of the two was playing Myra and which was playing Myron.

MICHAEL L. WAYNE

Los Angeles

TIME on Tape

Sir: Our contact with the blind community indicates that many blind persons are unaware of the fact that the Science and Medicine sections of FIMI are available to them on tape from Science for the Blind. This is true in spite of the fact that we have tried to notify the community through notices in Braille periodicals and by direct mail to our own mailing list. The blind people who receive the tapes have been enthusiastic.

MRS. I. FULLER
Associate Director

Science for the Blind
Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.

Sensitive to the Touch

Sir: The Human Relations Institute meetings [Sept. 19] were the most devastating and divisive experience to which black and white teachers could be subjected. Touching, embracing or castigating persons with whom one has scarcely a passing acquaintance does not improve human relations or increase tolerance and understanding. In fact, educated, well-mannered, tolerant, sensitive teachers were repelled by such actions. Color or nationality had nothing to do with the distaste expressed by the majority of teachers and administrators attending.

MARY LOUISE REED
Ann Arbor, Mich.

National Awards

Sir: I not only deny that I have denounced the Panthers' Los Angeles Freedom School [Sept. 12] as "brainwashing children to hate the white man"; I declare that if the Freedom Schools constitute that organization's major program, the Panthers should be receiving national awards instead of national harassment.

It is inconceivable that anyone could believe today that black people need special programs to teach them to hate white people. For most of us, years of daily encounters with arrogant, exploiting whites are enough to teach us to hate.

BARBARA SOLOMON
Associate Professor

University of Southern California
Los Angeles

A Word from the Duke

Sir: I want to thank you for putting "Old Ty" and me out there for everybody to see [Aug. 8]; and my deep gratitude for the thought and research that went into the article.

I say this in spite of your cursory, patronizing attitude concerning the political beliefs I espouse. The silent majority of the people in our nation are beginning to see what I think and to resent the "care from cradle to grave" philosophy which your articulate liberal-left minority are smugly taking for granted as a way to political power in this country.

JOHN WAYNE

Hollywood

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

October 3, 1969 Vol. 94, No. 14

THE NATION

THE PRESIDENCY

Nixon's Paradox

Richard Nixon's way is the *via media*. On almost every issue he has confronted since he took office, the President has steered a middle course—or zigzagged from right to left in an effort to maintain a national equilibrium. Thus in his welfare package, Nixon made a gesture to the left by advocating a minimum annual income and to the right by keeping that subsidy at \$1,600 for a family of four, far below the poverty line, and insisting that recipients accept "suitable" employment or vocational training. He suggested tax reforms, but would prefer to maintain the oil-de-

THE WAR

Gathering Protest

There was no reason for doubt left: President Nixon's eight-month period of relative immunity from criticism on the Viet Nam war was over. The opponents of the war came out spoiling for a fight. A freshman Republican Senator, New York's conservative-turned-liberal, Charles Goodell, even had the temerity to introduce legislation asking the Congress to take the unheard-of step of cutting off all funds for U.S. participation in the war as of December 1, 1970. Of course, there is virtually no chance for his measure to become law. But the proposal served to reopen de-

said it would preclude any movement toward peace until that cutoff date, since "any incentive for the enemy to negotiate is destroyed if he is told in advance if he just waits for 18 months, we'll be out anyway." Nixon seemed goaded into insisting that he hoped to end the war even faster, although the goal he stated of being out "before the end of 1970 or the middle of 1971" extends past Goodell's deadline. "We're on a course that is going to end this war," he declared. "It will end much sooner if we can have a united front behind our very reasonable proposals." But Nixon did not convincingly explain how his course will achieve peace, or how an appeal issued in public for a fa-



AT PRESS CONFERENCE



PHILOSOPHER ZENO



PRESIDENT THIEU

What is the midpoint between Now and Forever?

pletion allowance. He began calling home troops from Viet Nam, yet keeps the level of withdrawal so small that the actual U.S. military presence there is substantially unaffected.

The President's enthusiasm for this kind of metronomic statecraft found startling expression last week during Nixon's first press conference in three months. Said he: "There are those who want instant integration and those who want segregation forever. I believe we need to have a middle course. . . ." But what is the midpoint between Now and Forever? In mathematical terms, it is an absurd conception—dividing infinity in half yields infinity. Richard Nixon might consider Zeno's paradox: In perpetually moving half the distance between one's present position and an ultimate goal, one is condemned to never reach that goal.

bate on the war, largely muted since Nixon took office.

Arkansas Senator J. W. Fulbright seized on Goodell's initiative, which he called "ingenious," to announce that he will resume war hearings in his Foreign Relations Committee. Two dozen Democratic Senators and Representatives tried to make the war a sharply partisan issue for the first time. They pledged their support of students who are planning a national Moratorium Day of antiwar protest on Oct. 15.

Such attacks did not yet mean serious congressional trouble for Nixon, nor did they necessarily indicate that the patience of much of the rest of America had yet run out on the President. But Nixon seemed visibly on the defensive at his press conference. He bluntly dismissed the Goodell cutoff plan as representing "a defeatist attitude." He

pledge of unity could possibly have much effect on the watching North Vietnamese. In any event, last week's outburst of criticism suggested that a united front on Viet Nam now is only a wishful thought.

Kind of Micawberism. Perhaps the most serious voice in the new chorus of protest is that of Democratic National Chairman Senator Fred Harris, who rallied Senators Edmund Muskie, George McGovern and Kennedy to a council of antiwar. They indicated that they will introduce resolutions expressing the intent of Congress that the U.S. withdraw from the war as speedily as possible. "It is time to take the gloves off on Viet Nam," said Harris. "I'm afraid that Mr. Nixon is rapidly losing the advantage he had by virtue of the

continued on page 14

Thieu: Determined and Defiant

How does South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu feel about his own role in the U.S. debate over the war? In an unusually candid hour-long interview with TIME Correspondent Marsh Clark last week, Thieu stoutly defended his government and insisted on its continuance at least until the elections scheduled for 1971. Among the questions and answers:

Q. Our side has been making concessions—stopping the bombing, redeploying troops, offering to let the Communists participate legally in political affairs in South Viet Nam. Do you think this has led to any progress in Paris?

A. Up to now, I do not see any signs of progress. Why? I believe the Communists are convinced they cannot win this war. And so they are counting on the impatience of the American people. They are playing up to those who will accept peace at any price.

Q. Do you believe that this strategy will be successful?

A. I don't know whether it will be successful or not, but I hope that American public opinion will be patient. I think we have made enough concessions. I have made honorable proposals to end the war. And I believe I cannot do anything else without surrendering the country.

Q. Two of the Communists' main points are these: 1) there must be a complete withdrawal of American troops from Viet Nam, and 2) there must be a change of government in Saigon. First, do you think it is possible for American troops to be withdrawn completely prior to a cease-fire?

A. We feel capable of replacing you gradually. We are ready to do our best to replace your forces not in one year, but over a period of years.

Q. But how long is this going to take? You say over a period of years. That scares Americans.

A. You came here to help us repulse the aggressors. As long as we are not capable of doing this by ourselves, you must remain to help us.

Q. Can you conceive of any circumstance in which you would agree to their demand for a change in government?

A. We must not fall into their trap, in effect, overthrow ourselves. I do not see any circumstance in which we must change the government, except when the people of South Viet Nam say, "We don't want Thieu and Vice President Ky any longer." And if they don't want Thieu and Ky any longer, they have the opportunity to say so in the elections in 1971.

Q. Can you conceive of any circumstance in which there would be a

change of government before the 1971 elections?

A. I don't see any possibility. That is, unless the Americans withdraw all troops, refuse to furnish us ammunition and weapons, and cease altogether helping us fight the Communists. Then we could be overthrown by the Communists.

Q. Do you see anything we can do to get negotiations moving? Some people mention *de facto* cease-fire.

A. I don't believe this is a practical way. We would like to have frank negotiations to settle the war, which will bring a solution to the conflict as a whole. A cease-fire is only the beginning step which leads to a real cessation of hostilities. We must not fall into their trap to have a cease-fire in advance of a solution of the overall war. The Communists will exploit the cease-fire to strengthen their forces, to promote the war. Instead of ending the war, you prolong it.

Q. Going back to yourself, has the suggestion ever been made to you by the American Government that the only way to end the war is to have a new government in Saigon?

A. No.

Q. Do you see any possibility that the pressure of public opinion in the U.S. to end the war might force the Nixon Administration to push for new leadership in Saigon?

A. I must make this clear. The U.S. says it has come here to help the people of South Viet Nam determine for themselves their way of life, their choice of government. So you must not interfere in our internal affairs.

Q. May I ask the question again: Do you see any signs or any possibility that American public opinion will force President Nixon to accede to the Communists' demand that you and Vice President Ky ...

A. Suppose the Americans would do so. Suppose President Nixon would do so. But you cannot force the South Vietnamese people to do so.

Q. What you are saying, then, is that it is mandatory that your government remain in power until replaced under the constitution?

A. Yes.

Q. Let us consider a hypothetical proposition. If someone came to you and said, "If you resign, I can guarantee that peace will be restored and South Viet Nam will have the right to determine its own fate," would you resign?

A. I have no reason to resign. I am doing well.

Q. What do you see now as the scenario of what will happen?

A. We must continue to promote democracy, promote social reform,

strengthen our nation in all fields. We will permit the men who are fighting against us to become full citizens under a liberal, democratic regime. What happens? They reject that. They continue the war. They will lose the war. We want to stop the bloodshed. I don't believe in wars, ancient or modern. Nobody could be more generous in offering solutions than we are toward people who have been killing the people of South Viet Nam for many years. We are ready to become friends from today, from tomorrow.

Q. And you don't see the possibility that American public opinion, which is very vocal ...

A. I hope, I request, that American public opinion will understand. I hope it will understand that we are not the invaders. We are the defenders. We have not invaded North Viet Nam. We have not asked them to replace Ho Chi Minh. Why should we change the government of Thieu-Ky, the legal government? They won't stop making demands after the overthrow of Thieu and Ky. You can put Mr. A or Mr. B or Mr. C in this government, and this won't stop the demands. They are not trying to overthrow the man. They are trying to overthrow the legal government, because the legality is our strength. Since the beginning of the war, the Communists have told their people: "We have two goals to achieve—to repulse the foreign aggressors, who are the Americans, and to overthrow the legal government elected by the people of South Viet Nam." If we permit them to do that, then they have reached the ultimate goal. They won a war in Paris in 1954, not at Dienbienphu. And this time they are trying to win the war in Washington, while they are losing it in Viet Nam. We must not let them continue to play this game.

And if some day the Americans say, "We are withdrawing all our troops and leaving you alone," do not believe that only Thieu and Ky will continue to fight on. Vice President Ky says that if a coalition government is put in Saigon, the army will overthrow it. I say, "No, not only the army but 17 millions of people will overthrow the coalition." We will continue to fight until we win—or until we lose.

Q. If the war went along as it does now, with the Communists keeping up the same level of hostilities but not intensifying the war, how long would it take before most of the American troops could be withdrawn? Are we talking about two years, five years?

A. I have a very clear plan. If they don't intensify? I can tell you that if you help us get ready to fight the enemy, in 1970 we can replace the bulk of American troops in Viet Nam.

fact that he could say, 'I didn't start this war.' I'm very alarmed that he really doesn't have a plan. His plan is a kind of Micawberism that maybe something will turn up."

The reappearance of dissent in the form of demands for U.S. troop withdrawals, whether immediate or on a specific timetable, reflects the war-weariness of a part of the U.S. public. In a sense that Nixon did not quite state, it does represent a form of "defeatism"—a widespread feeling that there is no clear way of forcing a peace settlement from Hanoi, but that the killing must stop and therefore the U.S. must pull out. On the other extreme, Nixon's plea for unity, while based on the valid notion that the war's real battleground has shifted to the field of U.S. public opinion, rests on the assumption that if the allies just hang on in South Viet Nam, the Communists will grow tired and seek a settlement—or the South Vietnamese army and government will grow strong enough to stand alone. What both views seem to exclude is the possibility of finding a means to get the peace talks moving short of withdrawing abruptly or lingering indefinitely.

The Administration proposes to let South Viet Nam's future be determined by free elections. This would meet President Nixon's bedrock condition for peace: that the South Vietnamese people be permitted to choose their own government, free of imposition by outsiders. It is a fine theory, and President Thieu supports it. The trouble with the theory is that whoever organizes elections in Viet Nam wins them. Hanoi cannot be expected to accept defeat at any elections the Thieu regime supervises—since the Communists are not defeated now. No doubt the North Vietnamese would like to get the war over with too, but they simply have not been hurt enough, as far as anyone can tell, to make them accept a settlement that they would regard as negating their achievements on the battlefield. One avenue that perhaps offers some hope is for elections organized by both sides with the help of outside observers. Thieu has offered to permit an international body and an electoral commission, including representatives of the National Liberation Front, to supervise the elections. Thus far, the Communists have denounced that as "perfidious trickery," apparently because it is too vague. It is more likely that they really do not yet feel politically strong enough to risk elections, no matter how fairly conducted.

Legalize the Realities. Free elections aside, what else can be done? There are a number of possibilities that can be tried. One is to push for what Cyrus

Vance, one of the Johnson Administration's peace negotiators in Paris, calls "a standstill cease-fire." This would be an agreement that all military forces would freeze in present positions and assume a defensive stance. The plan would also guarantee the Communists *de facto* political control over the areas of South Viet Nam that they occupy and ultimately, perhaps, a chance to elect representatives to a national Parliament. It would, in effect, legalize the realities of the military situation and amount to an incontiguous partitioning of South Viet Nam, sometimes known as the "leopard spot" plan. But even if supervised by an international commission, as Vance suggests, it would require a high degree of cooperation between the bitter enemies.

Another possibility is a coalition gov-

ernment critics raise, and one that is, now at any rate, anathema to officials in both Washington and Saigon: some kind of secret deal between the U.S. and Hanoi, in which the Thieu government would be replaced by a broader or neutralist government in return for a previously agreed-upon peace settlement. The notion admittedly opens a Pandora's box of horrendous problems, but its advocates argue that it is perhaps the one concession large enough to tempt Hanoi into serious negotiating. It is also one that appeals powerfully to opponents of the war.

The Dilemma. New York Congressman Jonathan Bingham, for example, last week charged in a speech on the House floor that "the Thieu-Ky regime has been consistently trying to block any reasonable settlement in Viet Nam" because the two generals fear for their jobs. Congressman Bingham urged Nixon to tell Thieu that "American boys will not go on dying to keep Mr. Thieu and Mr. Ky in power." Thieu provoked his critics even more last week by insisting, right after President Nixon had held out hopes of ending the war in barely more than a year, that it may take "years and years" before the South Vietnamese army could do the jobs of all the U.S. troops.

U.S. officials are quick to voice formidable objections to any attempts to throw the Thieu regime into the bargaining for peace. The Thieu government is the only stable regime that Saigon has known since the death of Ngo Dinh Diem. It holds power under a democratic constitution that the U.S. labored mightily to bring into being. It has the legitimacy of an elected government—and the solid support of South Viet Nam's military forces, still the most cohesive element in South Vietnamese society. There is no commanding figure ready to replace Thieu, except possibly General Duong Van ("Big") Minh, who appeals to a broader political spectrum than Thieu but is not nearly so skillful—or bright—a leader. Any attempt to openly pressure Thieu to step aside now would probably create either chaos or a coup, in which U.S. and South Vietnamese troops might even wind up fighting each other.

Yet the dilemma remains: a negotiated peace does not seem readily at hand while Thieu and Ky hold power—and while Hanoi continues to insist that they must go. One possible answer may lie not in logic but evolution. It could come about as the timetable of U.S. withdrawals continues to unfold. At some point down the track, Thieu and Ky are likely to reach the conclusion that if they cannot live forever with Americans present to protect them, then they cannot operate without the Communists. When that point is reached, it may well be that something like an electoral or control commission, supervised by some outside nation like Japan, might become a far more interesting proposition for both sides.



ernment in which the Communists would have a share in ruling South Viet Nam. While Hanoi might accept that as a virtual victory, certainly the Saigon government of President Nguyen Van Thieu views it as just that for the Communists, and will have none of it. Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky recently declared: "The Americans are deluding themselves if they think they can replace this government with another and then bring about a coalition. If the new government tried to make a coalition with the Communists, there would be a coup inside ten days." Thieu agrees (see box on preceding page). Moreover, as Henry Kissinger wrote in *Foreign Affairs* shortly before he joined Nixon in the White House, "it is beyond imagination that parties that have been murdering and betraying each other for 25 years could work together as a team giving joint instructions to the entire country."

That leaves a possibility that some

NEW YORK: THE REVOLT OF THE AVERAGE MAN

I'll tell you who the average man is. He's the guy who works hard all day and maybe comes home too tired to move, but he has to moonlight anyway to pay his bills. He wants to educate his kids. He wants his neighborhood to be peaceful and clean. He doesn't have a doorman. His kids go to public schools. He rides the subways and the buses. He never burned his draft card or a flag, and he never will. He tries to play the game by the rules, and for that he's getting pushed into a corner. That's who the average man is.

THIS is an election year for New York City, and those words are the summons to the barricades, the social contract and tacit manifesto of the Democratic challenger for the mayoralty of the five boroughs of the fabled, troubled city. His name is Mario Angelo Procaccino, and he is a defiant little man who claims to speak for the angry little people—by far the voting majority—who live and suffer life in New York. For four years, Procaccino and those he seeks to lead have endured what they feel is a special form of outrage, over and above rising taxes and prices, crumbling services, strife-torn schools and all the other familiar ills of big-city America. That outrage is the administration of Mayor John Vliet Lindsay, which, they feel, has ignored them in its undue preoccupation with the city's blacks and poor. Lindsay liberals, by and large, are not merely for racial equality; they believe that society's stepchildren must be given extra helpings of aid to repair the



PROACCINO HEARING OUT A CONSUMER
Where prettiness is not useful.

damage of past mistreatment. There is a personal edge to the bitterness of Procaccino's followers, for Lindsay seems to belong to a world that his detractors say they can never enter—the world of Manhattan's glittering East Side, of discothèques and penthouse parties, of private-school accents and what Procaccino, in a rare flash of genuine wit, once called the "limousine liberals." Lindsay's riposte was to label Mario's entourage "Cadillac conservatives." In the view of their foes, Lindsay's forces loom as an alliance of patricians and restive blacks—the New Establishment in urban America—and Procaccino and his average man are out to destroy it.

Beyond the Boroughs

No one, least of all Mario ("Will you please stop calling me Mr. Procaccino?"), would dispute the Democratic candidate's credentials to lead the revolt of the average man. He is as common as the machine clubhouse, a journeyman politician who worked hard, if without special distinction, and waited his turn. As he insists on informing people on every street corner, he is "not pretty"—a useful attribute, he feels, in his war with Lindsay and the Beautiful People. He wears electric-blue suits and watermelon-pink shirts and in speech and gesture accentuates the ethnic. His pencil-thin moustache and often quizzical expression make him look a bit like the late show's Leo Carrillo, sans sombrero.

His gooey delivery and overly simple ideas sometimes obscure the fact, but Procaccino is on to something. When in 1965 he won election as city comptroller—the city's second most powerful office—it was fashionable for sassy reformers to ask: "What is a Mario Procaccino?" His answer: a Mario Procaccino is a tough, shrewd operator

who treated his average-man approach with a law-and-order veneer to beat four rivals in last June's Democratic primary. Now he is given a good chance to win the general election on Nov. 4.

There is an almost epic symbolism in the match of Procaccino against John Lindsay, who early in his four-year term was perhaps the most celebrated and promising mayor in the U.S. Tall, handsome, flat-bellied, articulate with tongue and pen, popular with academics, big businessmen and show people as well as students and black slum residents, Lindsay represents the aristocratic remnant in local politics. As the liberal Republican who broke the Democratic hold on New York City, he was once touted as a future opponent to Robert Kennedy for the presidency. Only 47, he may yet have a national future, if as a prophet of innovative politics he regains honor in his own house.

So far has Lindsay fallen that he lost the Republican primary this year to a quiet, unassertive, almost unknown state senator, John Marchi; as a result, the mayor is running for re-election as an independent. Marchi's victory last June makes the current campaign a three-cornered race, though the contest is primarily between Mario and the mayor. Procaccino started off far ahead, but his lead seems to be diminishing. Marchi is a bit off to one side in the contest, saying some of the same things as Procaccino, with more thought and less vehemence, and with a more traditionally conservative cast. His presence underscores the fact that the main issues in the campaign have almost erased party lines. The Democratic and Republican candidates have far more in common with each other than with the independent Lindsay, who in turn seeks votes from both parties.

Though the contest involves factors



LINDSAY BREAKING PARK GROUND
Among the Beautiful People.



MARCHI IN LOWER MANHATTAN
More at home in theology or philosophy.

unique to New York, the city's election is very much a frame in the national newsreel. Lindsay is the impatient man, the activist and agitator that Robert Kennedy became in his last year, the self-righteous, abrasive enemy of the way things are, who will make blunders and enemies but who will not placidly accept society's faults. He wants to prove the very problematical thesis that big cities are governable, given enough cash and imagination. It is a bad time for such men because many whites feel that there have been too many concessions to blacks already—concessions that whites must pay for. The American middle feels it is a victim of excessively rapid change. Richard Nixon saw that last year. City politicians are not missing the point either.

The Manhattan Arrangement

The law-abiding American, in Nixon's phrase, is "fed up to here" with violence. Procaccino also knows that large segments of the working class and middle class are weary of idealistic reformers who somehow manage to cast the ordinary white man in the fall guy's role. Even politicians who are not racist—as Procaccino and Marchi are not—can capitalize on this sentiment. Candidates can be swept into office solely on its strength. Circumstances vary from region to region, but some of the same factors appear. Thus Detective Charles Stenwig finds himself the mayor of Minneapolis, and Sam Yorty was re-elected in Los Angeles for no other discernible reason than that his opponent was black and his constituents frightened.

Discontent has weakened traditional political institutions and alliances. Unions and intellectual liberals are no longer at ease with each other. Party organizations find it difficult to organize. Old loyalties fail to bind. Such volatil-

ity breeds accidental candidates, and Procaccino is a creature of circumstance. Lindsay's failures and the ugly mood of the city, far more than anything in Procaccino's past record or present offerings, account for the Democrat's promising prospects.

To anyone from beyond the Hudson, the Procaccino campaign must seem more than a little incredible. This is New York City, capital of New Politics and glamour, headquarters of the national communications media, lair of sophisticates. Yet, here is Procaccino, 57 and looking it, poor on television and ducking it when possible, suspicious of the press and at odds with it—here is the scion and heir of Old Politics, doing rather nicely by the estimates of adversary and ally alike.

His New York is not the one seen by the visitor, not Broadway or Park Avenue, not Greenwich Village or Harlem. Procaccino lives in a suburban setting so far north in The Bronx that the city boundary runs through his backyard. Marchi has a comfortable house in another outlying region, Staten Island. Lindsay is the Manhattan man. The differences are major. A man in the outer boroughs may work in Manhattan, but he is no more a Manhattanite by temperament than is a citizen of Omaha. Manhattan is heavily populated by the East Side affluents, by poor blacks and Puerto Ricans, by youngish singles. Elsewhere in the vast, often dreary reaches of the boroughs, middle-class and working-class families predominate. A transit stoppage or a heavy snowstorm that is a minor bother or even a chance for bravado and gallantry in Manhattan can bring near paralytic in some of the outlying sections.

In last June's primaries, both Procaccino and Marchi carried Brooklyn, Queens, The Bronx and Staten Island

but lost Manhattan. Marchi entitled his campaign kickoff speech "The Forgotten New Yorker." One of the catchy phrases Procaccino uses repeatedly is "the Manhattan arrangement." By that he means an alliance of the intellectuals, editors, broadcasting executives, businessmen and progressives of both major parties who oppose him. Lindsay, he says, is attempting to "pit the poor against the middle class, while he goes about the business of rebuilding Manhattan for the select few." Procaccino is waging the politics of class by the numbers, knowing the white middle outweighs the rest. Manhattan may be New York to the world, but the politician knows that Manhattan contains only 1,600,000 residents out of a total city population of some 8,000,000.

The Angry and the Threatened

Procaccino's average man and Marchi's forgotten New Yorker are of course political stereotypes. In flesh and blood terms, they are many people. Some live on meager incomes as pensioners, clinging to the frame houses that represent a lifetime's work. "People tend to forget," says Marchi, "that there are many poor white people." To the retired worker, or to the family living on \$7,000 or \$8,000 in the lower civil service ranks, a tax increase on their homes or an apartment rent rise is a grave threat to the stability of a small, precarious world. Second jobs are common, credit purchases a necessity, a sense of financial security almost impossible.

The barber, the waiter, the cab driver, the factory worker may, with luck and overtime, gross \$9,000 or \$10,000 a year, but the Bureau of Labor Statistics says that it takes \$9,977 a year for a family of four to maintain a moderate standard of living in New York City, where the living costs are higher than in any large U.S. city except Honolulu. These people, like the highly skilled members of the craft unions, who can earn more when business is good, tend to live in communities where ethnic ties are still strong. Whether they occupy one- and two-family row houses or ranks of monotonously alike apartment buildings, working-class families take pride in an orderly environment. They readily feel threatened by population shifts that change the makeup of their schools, road projects that cut up their neighborhoods, public housing projects that bring in welfare recipients. Like any citizens, they would like more and better amenities and services: a new school, park or playground, better transportation, sewage or public health facilities. But it is in Harlem that a large, new hospital just opened. It is programs aimed at helping blacks and Puerto Ricans that seem to monopolize the attention of public officials.

In New York political terms, the construction worker, the policeman, the telephone repairman already buy Mario Procaccino's brand of politics. They

leave the Democratic Party only when it swings too far to the liberal side, and Procaccino has not done that. He also seeks to include behind his average-man barricade another, more elusive segment of the population—typified by the schoolteacher, the junior accountant, the shopkeeper, the middle-income lawyer or engineer who chooses to work for the government.

These professionals and small businessmen are often the sons or grandsons of immigrants, often the first of their families to have graduated from college or to have accumulated enough capital to become modest entrepreneurs. They have status but are not secure in it. They have aspirations for the good life but not quite enough income to achieve it. They cannot afford private schools for their children, and the public schools in many of their neighborhoods are bad. They cannot tolerate crime; yet it keeps rising. They are open to liberal approaches, but the city has had liberal administrations of one kind or another for as long as they can remember while conditions have grown worse.

They are aware of the Negro's plight and sympathetic to it theoretically, but in practice they wonder if the black is not demanding too much. They might not think of themselves as Procaccino's average men, but they are just as angry. Particularly they are angry at John Lindsay. One taxi driver, taking a passenger in from the airport, was cut off by an aquamarine Cadillac driven by a clean-cut, Ivy League type. "Damn it," the cabby moaned, "they all look like Lindsay." A couple of college girls gathering signatures for Lindsay nominating petitions on a street corner were approached by a young man who seemed to want to sign. "These for Lindsay?" he asked. When assured they were, he urinated on the papers.

Serious Student

By Procaccino's self-serving criteria, he has more in common with the common man than either Marchi or Lindsay. Marchi's parents were Italian immigrants also, but of slightly higher standing than Mario's. Marchi's father came to this country as a scenes designer, later went into the wax-fruit business. Young John was educated in Catholic schools and became a moderately successful lawyer. In the state senate, Marchi, 48, heads the influential committee on New York City affairs. While he is a serious student of government, he is more at home discussing theology or philosophy than politicking.

Mario was nine when the Procaccinos arrived, and his first occupation as a boy was straightening nails for re-use in his father's shoe-repair shop. But he and his two brothers overcame the language barrier, poverty and discrimination against "guineas" to gain success. One became a physician, one an en-

Mario in Motion

TIME Correspondent Frank McCulloch traveled through the boroughs of New York City with Mario Procaccino. Here is his report on a day with the candidate

THE Astoria neighborhood of Queens is just across the East River from Manhattan, but an ocean away in tempo and texture. Things move a bit slower here; pedestrians wait for the signal light before crossing. Steinway, a commercial street in the working-class area, could pass for the main avenue of a decaying Middle West town. On this stage, all parts of the overture sound simultaneously: an ersatz locomotive clangs and toots; an accordionist squeezes out *The Sidewalks of New York*; a sound truck emits the appropriately upbeat *Buckle Down Winsome*.

Out of a station wagon step Procaccino and his two running mates. The crowd is friendly, the candidates cheerful, the encounter an instant success. A woman approaches, gray, wrinkled, ancient. "I voted for him," she says of John Lindsay. "But I hate him. I hate him! You got to get him out of there." Procaccino replies with his customary vehemence: "I got news for you. We are going to get him out. But I want to remind you of why you voted for him. Because he's pretty, that's why. Now I'm not pretty. But I'll tell you something else: I keep my promises."

Apart from the scarcity of Negroes in the crowd, there is nothing tangible to suggest the campaign's racial undertones. But here, as at other stops, a white citizen gets the candidate's ear, whispers urgently. Procaccino steps back and says: "Listen, I just want you to know that as far as I'm concerned, each man in this city is as good as any man." The leader and entourage sweep down the street. Procaccino stops at a pizza stand, buys wedges for himself and his running mates. Nibbling from his left hand, shaking with his right, he continues without missing a voter, getting tomato paste on his suit or egg on his face. Procaccino used to be known for his gaffes—as, for instance, telling an audience that political ally of his "grows on you, like cancer"—but he is more circumspect these days.

On the way to the next stop, Procaccino sinks into the car seat. "I tell you, fellas, this is the tough way to do it. If I had the money, I wouldn't do it this way, but I don't have any choice." When the conversation turns to his record and Lindsay's, he recalls that he has been in the public employ for 25 years. "I challenge you to tell me what mistakes I made in those 25 years."

In Jackson Heights, the people are better dressed, younger and even friendlier than in Astoria. Procaccino's right thumb is swollen and painful. The crowd pushes, pats, pummels him. He is near exhaustion, but enjoying him-

self. "Sometimes," he says once he is back in the car. "I don't think I'm going to be able to make it." He is asked why, in view of the wear and tear, the enormous problems of the job, his wife's reluctance about his running, is he making the race. "I guess it goes all the way back to how I was raised in Italy. We grow up there respecting our parents and our priest and our teachers and our officials. To be a leader of any kind way to be respected. So when La Guardia gave me a chance in 1944 to become an assistant corporation counsel, I never thought twice. Public service gets in your blood."

The final stop in the day's effort is a club where Queens District Attorney Thomas Mackell is to give a cocktail party for Procaccino. But there has been a foul-up in the schedule. Procaccino has arrived two hours early and is dis-



PROCACCINO FAMILY IN FRONT OF HOME

inclined to wait. His entourage is invited in for a drink. "Mackell going to pay for this?" Procaccino asks. Assured that refreshments are indeed on the missing Mackell, the candidate suddenly snaps his fingers. "As long as I've got the night off," he announces, "I'll take the wife and daughter out to dinner." He finds a pay telephone and is about to dial when he notices that a reporter is watching him. "You're the one from Washington, aren't you? What's the matter, the President of the United States doesn't do things this way?" Then he gets through to Marie and tells her not to cook dinner, he'll take her and Marilouise out to eat in New Rochelle.

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gineer, and Mario a struggling young lawyer. He claims today that anti-Italian discrimination denied him jobs with big law firms, despite a creditable record at Fordham Law School. For a while he subsisted by answering court calendar calls for other attorneys for a \$1 fee. But virtue and hard work were rewarded, as Procaccino recalls it. Mayor Fiorello La Guardia heard him address a war-bond rally and arranged for an appointment to a \$3,500-a-year post in the city's legal department. When La Guardia's administration gave way to the Democrats, Procaccino became a party worker for the new regime and prospered. One administrative job led to another and eventually he was given a minor judgeship. In 1965, needing a Bronx Italian for ethnic symmetry, the party drafted him to run for comptroller.

Lindsay, the son of an investment banker, is Ivy League. While not rich, the mayor is part of what passes for the gentry. Procaccino's wife Marie is a suburban-oriented homebody; Lindsay's wife Mary makes the social scene. The Lindsays are boosters of the lively arts, often appear at opening nights and art exhibits. To promote what are called "happenings" in the parks, Lindsay is not above leading a bicycle brigade. To Procaccino and other sib-sisters, that typifies the despised Fun City syndrome. Procaccino is striving, however: two years ago, he treated his daughter, Mariero, to a debut at the International Debutes Ball.

Lindsay's Record

Differences of style and personal background, and even the malaise evident nationally, hardly account for all of Lindsay's current troubles. Rather, he is in part a victim of his own promises and record. He won election pledging "to make our city great again, the Empire City of the world." The new mayor promised leadership and he tried to provide it by taking on challenges that most of his predecessors had shirked. Lindsay accepted the vice-chairmanship of the Kerner Commission and was one of its most active members. He became one of the leaders in the Urban Coalition. In New York City, he walked the ghetto streets in successful search of rapport with blacks and Puerto Ricans; few white politicians can match Lindsay's ability to get through to the dispossessed and to the young. He brought in a promising group of urban experts to head his departments and made plans to reorganize the city's bureaucracy-ridden government.

"What went wrong?" asks Mitchell Ginsberg, head of Lindsay's Human Resources Administration. "Our biggest

mistake was that we thought we could change things overnight. We were all so committed, so eager. We just thought we could do too much."

Lindsay has been a visible, courageous chief executive who is always willing to put his prestige on the line for what he believes is right. His frequent television appearances, the heavy coverage of his activities in the newspapers, his refusal to fob off responsibilities on others, have invited personal blame for whatever goes wrong.

Plenty has. Lindsay set out to tame the tough civil service unions and to prevent threatened strikes by public employees; such strikes are illegal in the

welfare has replaced education as the city's biggest single expense, now totaling \$1.5 billion, or 23% of the \$6.5 billion budget. The number of people on relief has doubled, to roughly 1,000,000, and although city officials contend that the rate of increase is now slowing appreciably, this is scant consolation to the wage earner of moderate means who knows that one out of eight New Yorkers is getting welfare help. "Work is the answer to an awful lot of the problems we have here," says Procaccino typically, "just plain hard work."

If welfare is a constant annoyance, crime is a chronic menace. Lindsay increased the size of the police force and appointed as police commissioner Howard Leary, a highly civilized career cop who has helped guide the department into a relatively smooth relationship with blacks. Lindsay has also designated city hall aides to maintain close and continuing communications with the city's several Negro and Puerto Rican communities, heading off trouble before it begins. These measures, plus Lindsay's self-appointment as ambassador to the ghettos, have helped keep New York free of major racial violence during the past four years. Yet crime—black crime in the eyes of most whites—continues to pose the threat that Candidate Lindsay decried in 1965.

The School and Racial Crisis

If the 1966 transit strike was Lindsay's Bay of Pigs, continuing school troubles and ethnic tensions have been his Viet Nam. The overriding aim of his administration, particularly during his first three years, was to assuage the bitterness of the city's black citizens. In doing so, he managed to increase white resentment and fears. The first test came in 1966 when he tried to organize a civilian review board to hear complaints of police brutality. Lindsay was cast in the role of a softie trying to shackle honest cops; the review-board referendum was defeated. A less stubborn, less self-righteous politician might have gotten the amber-light message. Lindsay did not.

The city's immense public school system (more than 1,000,000 pupils) was unwieldy and unresponsive to those it served. Lindsay wanted to decentralize control of school affairs, to give neighborhoods more of a say in running their schools. The idea was particularly attractive to the ghettos—but it led to a disastrous battle. In one Negro district, the predominantly Jewish teachers' union and the local board got bogged down in a dispute over job-security procedures. The fight soon turned ugly as latent hostility between Jews and blacks gushed to the surface. The union suc-

Limousine Liberals

v.

Cadillac Conservatives

Part of the panoply of every political candidate's campaign is his list of endorsements—those citizens of repute, substance and renown who are willing to lend their names to his cause. Both Lindsay and Procaccino have provided TIME these names of their more prominent supporters:

FOR LINDSAY

Harry Belafonte
Bill Blass
Herbert Brownell
Bennett Cerf
Norman Cousins
Angier Biddle Duke
Thomas K. Finletter
Rocky Graziano
Helen Hayes
Dustin Hoffman
Senator Jacob Javits
Mrs. Fiorello La Guardia
Ethel Merman
Sidney Poitier
Walter Reuther
Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr.
Gloria Steinem
Frank Sinatra
Barbra Streisand
Cyrus Vance

FOR PROCACCINO

Prof. Howard Adelman
Earl Brown
John Burns
Emanuel Celler
Meade Esposito
James A. Farley
Jack Fuchsberg
Bert Gellman
Lawrence Geroba
Julian Jacs
Rabbi Wolfe Kelman
Nicholas Kusberg
Andrew Murrin
John Murphy
Bernard Reinstein
Paul Scheck
Louis Stolberg
Harry Van Arsdale
Mor Weinstine
Joseph Zaretzki

state. Instead, he and the city suffered through a numbing series of strikes, starting with a transit stoppage on his very first day in office. Since then, sanitation workers, teachers, welfare-department employees and others have also struck. To prevent still more stoppages, Lindsay has been compelled to make extremely high wage settlements.

Like many big cities, New York teeters on the edge of bankruptcy. Lindsay imposed a measure of rationality on fiscal operations by ending reckless borrowing to cover operating expenses. But he also increased spending by 75% and imposed a municipal income tax, giving New York City residents the highest taxes per capita in the country. The increase has not produced many tangible improvements in public services. Most of the money has been consumed by inflation, by the civil service wage settlements and by a nearly 200% increase in the cost of welfare assistance to the poor. During the Lindsay years,

cessfully struck the entire system for 36 school days. The stoppage—the second in two years—was Lindsay's biggest single failure, and he himself acknowledges his responsibility for it. City hall just did not seem to grasp the complexities of the dispute or to understand the depth of the animosities involved. "Intelligence was very hard to get," Lindsay says today. "The information that we were getting at the time was terrible." A new decentralization plan devised by the state legislature is now to be tried.

The Jewish Vote

The school debacle damaged Lindsay cruelly. Marchi says he decided to run because of the strike: "It was a disaster. Decentralization became a word for anarchy." To Procaccino, it was a case study of the elite's failure to comprehend the middle classes. Even some of Lindsay's aides acknowledge that city hall tended to take the middle class for granted. "You can't dictate to people," says Procaccino. "You've got to be a healer, a mediator. When there's trouble, you step in and take care of it, but you don't go around trying to stir it up. I'm very fortunate because God gifted me with the ability to talk to people." To many Jews, the school strike and related troubles were evidence that Lindsay was willing to do anything to placate black militants, even those with anti-Semitic leanings and even if it meant damaging the educational system.

Jewish hostility toward Lindsay is ironic on three counts. Jewish Democrats



GREENWICH VILLAGE DURING 1968 GARBAGE STRIKE
Cleanliness may be more important than poetry.

and independents attracted by his progressivism provided his winning margin four years ago. He was then and is again this year running on the ticket of New York's Liberal Party, which is predominantly Jewish. Many of his closest aides and associates are Jewish. All this is logical for Lindsay. Jews tend to be attracted to reformist causes. And in New York, though they constitute roughly a quarter of the city's population, they amount to about a third of the electorate. Jews vote in proportionally larger numbers than other groups.

Jews do not necessarily vote as an ethnic bloc for their own, or even for the Democratic Party, to which most of them belong. This year Lindsay has been booed and heckled in some Jewish neighborhoods outside Manhattan. His campaign strategists, acknowledging that the Jewish vote is the key to the election, detect in opinion samplings an abnormally large undecided element. Yet it is here and among Negroes, who represent about 14% of the electorate, that Lindsay must get heavy support if he is to be re-elected. The non-Jewish working-class vote was never a source of strength for him.

Lindsay has been trying desperately to mend middle-class fences. After his defeat in the Republican primary he reverted momentarily to high-flown calls on conscience, charging that the Marchi and Procaccino victories meant that "the forces of reaction and fear have captured both major parties in our city. They offer two candidates who appeal to fear, who appeal to the worst instincts in man." Now Lindsay has moved toward massaging the middle rather than assaulting it.

Although both Procaccino and Marchi have obviously benefited from white backlash, neither is a racist. Further,

the white voters whom Lindsay needs are not in the mood to have their consciences addressed. Jews, in particular, feel that for many years they have supported legitimate Negro demands by voting for liberals and financing civil rights causes. It was all very well for Lindsay to be one of the most assertive members of the Kerner Commission and for his aides to take as gospel the commission's key argument: that white racism is at the root of much urban turmoil. Except for the intellectuals and the ultra-liberals—who are already Lindsay supporters—most white New Yorkers do not accept that contention. Marchi says that the commission report was "useful." But he adds: "Unlike some other people, I feel no personal sense of guilt. I have no personal hang-up about it. My parents were eating spaghetti in Italy, remember." Procaccino, when asked last week if he agreed with the commission's racism argument, replied: "Absolutely not, although I realize that there have been instances of discrimination. We have to have someone in office who can understand what it is like to be discriminated against." What this attitude ignores, of course, is that blacks face handicaps not suffered by earlier under-class groups. Further, as long as they remain submerged, most of the city's problems will be insoluble.

Antiwar Sentiment

Lindsay's strategy in these circumstances is to prove that he really is mindful of middle-class and working-class needs, that he is politically independent, that he is still a rallying point for the forces of good government. Many prominent Democrats have come out for Lindsay, and he has endorsed the candidacies of a number of Democrats running for local office



QUEENS HIGHWAY DURING 1969 BLIZZARD
A special form of outrage.

who have so far remained uncommitted to him. Rather than emphasizing traditional street campaigning and set speeches, Lindsay has been using the perquisites of office to make points. He has been appearing at groundbreaking ceremonies and assorted dedications, visiting police precincts, attending meetings of Jewish groups. He also attacked the Viet Nam war for what must be the hundredth time, appealing to the antiwar sentiment that runs high among New York's Jews. To Procaccino and Marchi, Viet Nam is not a proper city issue.

In recent weeks, the mayor has announced a variety of improvements in city services, including stepped-up police patrols and accelerated garbage cleanups. One press conference was arranged to allow the mayor to be photographed with a rabbi on one side, the police commissioner on the other and a row of uniformed police commanders in the background. Procaccino, too, knows where the votes are. Any Democrat in New York starts with a huge advantage because his party's enrollment outnumbers the Republican and fringe-party membership by 3 to 1. Defections from the Democratic left are a serious threat to Procaccino, but there are still plenty remaining in the center. Lindsay is on the left, he charges, and Marchi is on the right. "And in the middle, there am I, a moderate, progressive Democrat," Procaccino says happily. "That's where I am and that's where I'll stay."

Mario's Strategy

He does not accuse the mayor of being too friendly with blacks; he blames Lindsay's policies for causing "an upsurge of anti-Semitism." He decries the nightstick approach to crime, but he wants teen-agers accused of violent crimes to be treated like adult offenders, and he wants narcotics addicts swept from the streets and held without bail when possible. He is skeptical about school decentralization. When accused of racism, he explodes: "That's the dirtiest thing I've seen done in a long time." When he uses the term "law and order," he insists, "The words are not shorthand. They do not stand for something else. We simply must live under the rule of law. Violence never works." Lately he has tried to get away from the image of being a one-issue candidate by presenting a series of position papers.

The statements are unexceptionable. But they are also open to a variety of interpretations. When he talks about "one standard for everybody" in today's context, it can sound like an argument against what some whites consider to be preferential treatment for Negroes. When he talks about abuses of the welfare system, most whites see black and brown, which is not completely unjustified.

Last spring Procaccino adroitly capitalized on the revolt by Negro militiamen that temporarily caused tuition-



LINDSAY IN HARLEM
Pinning hopes on a blitz.

free City College to close. To many whites of modest means, who regard the school as an indispensable social-economic ladder, the Negro demands for wholesale admission of blacks meant lowered academic standards and less room for whites. City College Alumnus Mario Procaccino brought a court suit to compel the city to reopen the institution. It put him in the favorable position of using respectable means to stand up to the radicals. He scored points across the board with this bit of alternative class propaganda: "City College is what New York is all about. It has always had more heart than Harvard. It has always been more real than Yale. It has always had more purpose than Princeton. That school is the soul of our city." Lindsay, of course, is a Yale man, and he probably has the Ivy League vote anyway.

Procaccino never tires of life-style comparisons. "Mr. Marchi," he says, "does not fit into this category of people that have to work with their hands, with the sweat of their brows and so forth." He tries to portray Lindsay as an effete jet-setter: "A clean neighborhood is more important to people than poetry reading." That, presumably, was a crack at Lindsay's narration of the text accompanying a performance of Aaron Copland's *Lincoln Portrait*. "I am not one of the select few," Procaccino insists. "I am not one of the Beautiful People."

Because many beautiful—and rich—people are for Lindsay, he will be able to outspend both of his rivals. That is one reason why the mayor may well win re-election after all. Much of the money is expected to go into a TV blitz in the campaign's last few weeks.

Also, Lindsay has attracted thousands of young volunteer workers who are canvassing the city, Gene McCarthy-style, on Lindsay's behalf. And despite the charges and countercharges between the Lindsay and Procaccino camps over racism—Marchi calls both his adversaries "rhetorical muggers"—the tension that was so evident a few months ago may be decreasing. If it continues to ease, so will anti-Lindsay sentiment.

More Emotional

Procaccino's durability as a personality is questionable. Lindsay, for the most part, has shamed his own stiff pugnacity for the duration of the campaign at least. He is speaking quietly and candidly about his own record and the unfinished business at hand. He has also managed to put the more emotional Procaccino on the defensive in some respects. The comptroller has had to spend a good deal of time explaining why he preferred not to debate on television; last week he finally accepted the challenge. He has had to deny repeatedly that he is racist. He has had to defend his emotionalism—he wept when announcing his candidacy—and replies that Moses, Jesus, Lou Gehrig and Joe Namath all were emotional. His statements suffer from a poverty of ideas and often boil down to a vague assertion that Lindsay's good intentions have disturbed the peace and that what is really needed is a reversal to the *status quo ante* of the twelve Wagner years, but Robert Wagner himself has so far refused to endorse Procaccino. Even some of the most orthodox Democrats feel that he may lack the stature to be mayor of New York.

Lindsay is not offering a raft of new ideas either. He stands on the goals he has already set, acknowledges that the city still has vast problems that cannot be solved with its own resources, admits his mistakes and says that he has learned from them. Yet, quite apart from style, personality and particular issues, there is a fundamental difference among the candidates. Marchi thinks that the mayor's office has too much power, that authority should be spread more evenly among the branches of city government. Procaccino takes a traditional view that the mayor should be more of an umpire among competing interests than a principal actor. Lindsay, above all, is an unreconstructed activist. "When I took office," he said the other day, "I thought a mayor in this day and age had to conduct experiments and take risks. He was going to be the most unpopular man in town."

The prediction turned out to be all too accurate. That fact allows Mario Procaccino to say of his average voters: "They're with me now. It's up to the other two to try to take them away and I don't think they can do it." Lindsay does think he can do it, and his drive is strong. "This is where it's happening," he says. "This remains the biggest challenge in the U.S."

THE SENATE

A Vote for Moderation

The U.S. Senate is a cave of winds re-decorated as a 19th century gentlemen's club. No matter what wrenching changes the nation has undergone, the Senate retains its lacquered snuffboxes. Among the more insistent traditions has been the conservative leadership of the Republican Party. In the past 20 years, the post has been held by such stalwarts of the right as Nebraska's Kenneth Wherry, Ohio's Robert A. Taft and California's William F. Knowland.

Everett Dirksen, old, not of course, quite fit for the mold. He took many diverse positions in his long career. Last week the postwar pattern of conservatism was all but broken. The Senate's 43 Republicans gathered beneath the ornate crystal chandeliers of the G.O.P. Conference Room to elect Dirksen's successor as minority leader. They chose Pennsylvania's Senator Hugh Scott, 68, a moderate liberal of the Eastern Establishment. Then, three hours later, the same band of G.O.P. Senators who accomplished that feat combined to give Scott's old job as assistant minority leader to Michigan's Robert Griffin, 45, a moderate only slightly to the right of Scott.

Double Bugaboo. Thus in one day the ideological furniture on the minors' side was considerably rearranged. Both Scott and Griffin represent industrial states with large labor, urban, black and ethnic constituencies. Neither, of course, is anything like a social radical, and both have voted often enough for

conservative causes. Scott and Griffin supported the President on the ABM. Last year Griffin led the Senate fight against Abe Fortas' appointment as Chief Justice. Both Senators have generally subscribed to the President's Viet Nam policies, although Scott has been anxious for accelerated troop withdrawals. Both Scott and Griffin are liberal on civil rights. Last June, Scott attacked the Administration's positions on voting rights and school desegregation guidelines. During the 90th Congress, he voted less than half the time with the conservative Senate coalition. Scott's Republicanism is ecumenical. "There is room enough within the party for traditional conservatives, progressives, moderates and liberals," he says.

Both are skilled political operators—which partly accounts for their success last week. Most of the Senate's conservative G.O.P. was aligned behind Dirksen's son-in-law, Howard Baker of Tennessee. Working against the 43-year-old Baker, however—even among such conservatives as Idaho's Leonard Jordan, Utah's Wallace Bennett and North Dakota's Milton Young—was the senatorial tradition of seniority.

Scott, who served as G.O.P. national chairman from 1948 to 1949, had been in Congress since 1941—except for two years after he lost an election—and in the Senate since 1959. Baker came to the Hill only in 1967, after he was elected Senator. Another element favoring Scott was the fact that his elevation would leave open the whip's post, which was coveted by several of his colleagues. "I got hit," said Baker afterward. "By a

double bugaboo—the seniority system and the proliferation of whip candidates." Scott won by 24 to 19—the precise vote he had predicted.

No Docility. The importance of the Scott-Griffin victories was that they demonstrated a new cohesion among G.O.P. liberals and moderates. After Scott's election, his supporters gathered during a luncheon recess in the office of Ohio's freshman Senator William Saxbe. There were five candidates for whip: Baker, Griffin, Moderates James Pearson of Kansas and Jack Miller of Iowa, and Texas Conservative John Tower. Miller dropped out, and the 14 moderates and liberals agreed that if either Pearson or Griffin failed early in the balloting, the group would vote en bloc the next time for the one with the higher tally. Thus when Pearson's score sagged on the second or third ballot, all of his supporters switched to Griffin, electing him by 23 to 20 over Baker.

There was much about the outcome of both elections that ought to disturb Richard Nixon, even though he maintained strict neutrality throughout the leadership battle. Contributing to Hugh Scott's victory was the fact that Baker suffered substantially because his young colleagues were disturbed by his unquestioning allegiance to the White House. Scott undoubtedly will lead many Administration fights in the Senate. But he will be anything but docile. In his first vote as minority leader last week, in fact, he sided against Nixon by voting for a plan to broaden the Administration's food-stamp program.



OPENING IN CHICAGO: Compared with the battles at the Democratic Convention 13 months before, the happenings that attended the opening of the trial of eight protesters last week were child's play. Twenty-seven were arrested and 19 injured during skirmishes with police outside Chicago's Federal Building, where the eight radicals are being tried on charges of con-

spiring to foment riots at the convention. Only about 1,000 demonstrators appeared. Some carried a monumental papier-mâché pig. Yippie Leader Abbie Hoffman, one of the defendants, performed a cartwheel for cameramen outside the Federal Building. Since the proceedings are likely to take at least three months, they may yet provoke less frolicsome encounters.

Toward Confirmation

Opposing his nomination to the U.S. Supreme Court, liberal members of the Senate Judiciary Committee embarrassed both Judge Clement Haynsworth Jr. and his sponsors when they charged the South Carolina jurist with conflict of interest. Their disclosures about his business connections and stock purchases raised serious questions about Haynsworth's judicial ethics, shook the confidence of his supporters and gave his opponents an unexpected advantage in their fight to prevent his confirmation. But as hearings on Haynsworth's appointment concluded last week, it became obvious that the liberal advantage had been only temporary.

Spokesmen for civil rights groups and labor unions paraded before the committee to attack Judge Haynsworth's record on integration and labor-management cases. William Pollock, general president of the Textile Workers Union of America, said that Haynsworth was part of a "conspiracy." The aim, said Pollock, was to limit the rights of workers. Samuel Tucker of the N.A.A.C.P. blasted Haynsworth's "persistent hostility" to the Constitution's promise of racial equality. Eight of the House of Representatives' nine Negro members endorsed a statement opposing confirmation. They said it would "unequivocally tell black people that the one significant route for peaceful resolution of society's racial injustices . . . is gradually being phased out."

Remote Relationship. Despite the vehemence of these attacks, Clement Haynsworth's ultimate confirmation seemed more assured than ever. The criticism of his decisions impressed only those Senators who were already opposed to the nomination, while the judge's explanation of his financial interests satisfied many who had been concerned. Haynsworth convinced waveringers that his participation in one case—involving a company that did business with a firm in which he had an interest—was justified on the grounds that his relationship was remote. He blamed his purchase of stock in the Brunswick Corp. while its case was still technically under litigation on a simple lapse of memory. The case had been settled more than a month before he bought the stock, and he had forgotten that the decision had not yet been announced.

Some questions of ethics will linger for a while, and not a few Senators wish that President Nixon had sent them another nominee. Indiana's Birch Bayh and other liberals are at work digging into possible new conflict charges. But the most determined of Haynsworth's opponents now expect that the Judiciary Committee, which may vote this week, will recommend confirming the appointment. Haynsworth may not have his Supreme Court seat in time for the Oct. 6 opening of the court's fall sitting, but even the opposition to his appointment believes that after a floor debate the Senate will approve his appointment.



ELLA JEAN SCOTT



SAMUEL SAIKIN & WIFE

Surgery to erase the memory.

CRIME

Between Father and Son

When police first recovered the body of 18-year-old Ella Jean Scott from a grave on a Chesterton, Ind., farm last February, their chief problem lay in deciding which of two conflicting stories to believe. According to slim, handsome Joel Saikin, 25, his father Samuel, 49, had murdered the go-go dancer in his Chicago warehouse and enlisted his son's help in disposing of her body. According to the elder Saikin, Joel was the girl's killer. Joel passed a lie-detector test, and the authorities put papa on trial for murder. But after hearing all the evidence in a Chicago courtroom last week, a jury of nine men and three women concluded that the truth was past finding out.

Different Kind of Affection. The crime was as bizarre as it was mystifying. The younger Saikin testified that the trouble began in the spring of 1967, when he brought the girl, whom he planned to marry, down to the farm to meet his family. At first, he said, his father loved Ella Jean "like a daughter-in-law." Later, the elder Saikin developed a different kind of affection for the pretty but not too bright girl, who had managed to cram a lot of living into her short life. Before the end of the summer, the father was escorting Ella Jean to her room each night where they would give each other "rubdowns." He was also checking on Ella Jean's background. Upon discovering that she was married to Air Force Sergeant Samuel Mumma, he brought her estranged husband to Indiana for a successful reconciliation.

Ella Jean and her husband left the farm and, by Joel's account, he had no contact with her until later that fall. Then the girl, who had again left her husband and was dancing in Las Vegas under the name "Tina Mumma," called

and told him that she was returning to Chicago for an operation that would erase her memory. The day after she arrived, the elder Saikin appeared at the Indiana farm and told his son that he had shot the girl as she knelt on the warehouse floor. Joel then helped him bury her body.

Samuel Saikin denied everything. Taking the stand in his own defense, he said that he had brought Ella Jean to Chicago in an attempt to patch up her marriage. When she arrived, he met her at the airport and took her to his warehouse. Early next morning, they drove to the farm, awakened Joel and drove along the Indiana Toll Road so the two could talk before returning to Chicago to drop off Ella Jean's luggage. He waited in the car while Joel and the girl entered the warehouse. Joel returned alone, he said, and admitted having killed Ella Jean.

Unresolved Conflict. The trial failed to resolve the conflict between the two accounts of the murder. Prosecution witnesses confirmed that Samuel Saikin had threatened both Joel and Ella Jean, and two recalled his mentioning the surgery to blot out her memory. But the defense was just as strong. One witness said that Joel had complained about his father and promised "to get even" with him. More important, a gas-station attendant placed the two Saikins and the girl together on the Indiana Toll Road and produced a credit-card slip to confirm the identification.

Although entertaining reasonable doubts as to whether the elder Saikin was the killer, the jury was plainly convinced that he was somehow involved in the crime. It found him not guilty of murder, but guilty of conspiring to obstruct justice by hiding the girl's body. State's Attorney Edward Hanrahan has no plans to prosecute Joel for his part in the case, and the verdict precludes any further action against his father.

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THE WORLD

WEST GERMANY: A VICTORY FOR SECURITY



SOCIAL DEMOCRATS' BRANDT



CHRISTIAN DEMOCRATS' KIESINGER

WOULD West Germany's Socialists make it? As some 35 million voters went to the polls throughout the Federal Republic this week, that was the most intriguing question of all. The basic choice was between a party that promised to abide by the tested ways of the past and one that offered a more innovative approach to the future. In the five general elections since World War II, West German voters unfailingly opted for security, a penchant that has given two decades of unbroken rule to the Christian Democratic Union of Chancellor Kurt Kiesinger. As the current campaign unfolded, however, it seemed that many West Germans might be ready for something new. For the first time since 1930, the revitalized Social Democratic Party of Foreign Minister Willy Brandt appeared to have a real chance of gaining power. But, as the returns began coming in, Socialist hopes sagged. Once again, the Christian Democrats emerged as the dominant party in West Germany.

Puberty Manifestations. According to the computerized projections, the Christian Democrats drew 46.6% of the vote and probably will win 245 of the Bundestag's 496 seats, the same as in the 1965 elections. The Social Democrats attracted 42.3% of the ballots and picked up 20 new seats for a total of 222. Still their performance fell short of some optimistic expectations. The big losers were the Free Democrats, who had sought to transform themselves from a conservative into a liberal party; with only 5.6% of the vote, they lost 20 seats and wound up with only 29. The far-rightist National Democrats, whose presence in the campaign revived unpleasant memories of Germany's Nazi past, failed to win the required 5% of the vote necessary for representation in the Bundestag.

Though the Christian Democrats and Socialists have been partners for the past 33 months in the black and red Grand Coalition, the campaign accentuated their deep differences. In fact, during the campaign's final week, a dispute between the two major parties threatened to unsettle not only German financial affairs but the world monetary system as well. Betting on an upset victory by the Socialists and the prospect of a resulting upward revaluation of the mark—which the Socialists favor—speculators flooded West Germany with nearly \$600 million in foreign currency in three days. Kiesinger sought to stem the speculation by closing the money exchanges until after the election. Two days before the balloting, Brandt and Kiesinger agreed that, regardless of the outcome, the value of the mark would remain unchanged—"for the time being" at least.

There was no truce on other fronts. Winding up his campaign in the populous Ruhr, Kiesinger played on his favorite theme: "Hold fast to success." It has great appeal for middle-aged, middle-class Germans. Kiesinger received the loudest applause whenever he spoke about his determination to deal effectively with student disorders ("We will put the wire-pullers of the riots out of business"). He also did well when he appealed to sentimentality ("I regard myself as the heir and executor of the will of Konrad Adenauer") and to pride in Germany's prosperity ("The modern Germany is here before our eyes"). But Kiesinger, who is 65, offended many young Germans by dismissing their protest movement as nothing more than a "political puberty manifestation." On policy toward the Communist nations, Kiesinger stood by his party's old hard line, refusing to make any new concessions to the Soviets.

General Accommodation. The Socialist candidates were younger and more flexible. "We will create the modern Germany" was their slogan, and they directed their campaign mainly to potential new supporters—restless members of the middle class, white-collar workers, Catholics and younger voters. Economics Minister Karl Schiller, a witty former professor who has emerged as West Germany's most popular politician, won votes among the young by ordering security guards to admit them to overcrowded rally halls. "Let them sit on the floor!" he cried.

Willy Brandt, who in the past waged informal campaigns, was more aloof, befitting his position as Foreign Minister in the Grand Coalition. He impressed audiences by alluding to his high standing in diplomatic circles. On relations with the Communists, Brandt advocated at least partial diplomatic recognition of East Germany, renunciation of claims to former German territory now held by Poland, and a general accommodation with the Soviet Union.

Coalition Choices. Under Constitutional procedures, West German President Gustav Heinemann, who last July became the Federal Republic's first Socialist head of state, later this week will call on Kiesinger to form the government that will guide the country into the 1970s. Kiesinger will have two choices. He is most likely to invite the Socialists to enter into another Grand Coalition with his party. Kiesinger could also try to form a so-called "little coalition" with the Free Democrats. Having failed as a liberal party, the Free Democrats might be happy to return to the conservative fold. In any event, the tone and thrust of West German politics once again will be decided by the party that has promised to give them "no experiments."

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Closer to "Normal"

For weeks, newspapers and radio broadcasts were filled with vituperation against Alexander Dubček and the rest of Czechoslovakia's liberals. Ever since the Soviet invasion 13 months ago, the country's progressive leaders have had their influence stripped away gradually. Now, plainly, the regime's conservative rulers were ready for the step that they had delayed for fear of popular reaction—a wholesale purge. When the 180 members of the Central Committee of the Communist Party assembled last week in the ornate baroque Spanish Hall overlooking Prague, the whole country knew that their first order of business was to pronounce sentence against the men who had sought to give Czechoslovak Communism a human face. The only question was how severe the sentences would be.

Neo-Stalinist Label. The first signs were anything but optimistic. At week's end Premier Oldřich Černík's entire 29-man Cabinet was dissolved. Černík, one of the first of Dubček's allies to make amends with pro-Moscow conservatives after the invasion, was ordered by the Central Committee to form a new government. Its membership, announced this week, reflected the hard-liners virtually total control. The purge extended to the local political level; the Prague city party committee was stripped of every remaining Dubček loyalist. Five more liberals "resigned" from the Czech National Council, and the parliamentary immunity of a sixth, Rudolph Vattek, was lifted, apparently to open the way for his trial for "attacking the policy of the socialist state."

The fate of the topmost liberal lead-

ers, including Dubček, hung at least partially on a debate between two factions of the ultraconservative majority on the eleven-man Presidium that runs the country. One group, reportedly led by Deputy First Secretary Lubomír Štrougal, a ruthless pro-Moscow loyalist, urged that Dubček and other liberals be placed on trial, perhaps even on charges of treason. The second group, headed by Party Secretary Alois Indra, apparently objected that such kangaroo court sessions would saddle the regime with a neo-Stalinist label. Ludvík Svoboda, the popular President and elder statesman of Czechoslovakia, reacted to the suggestion of trials by proclaiming: "As long as I am President, there will be no trials."

Whether trials are ordered or not, it was clear that the conservatives were determined to oust virtually every liberal from the all-important Presidium and the Central Committee. To justify the firings, First Secretary Gustav Husák prepared a report detailing the reformers' mistakes, but that was mere window-dressing. At the beginning of this week, the party released its purge list. As expected, it was a long one. Dubček was fired from the Presidium and from his showpiece post as President of the Czechoslovak Federal Parliament. He was allowed, however, to keep his seat on the Central Committee—a sop to the liberal sentiments that still move countless Czechoslovaks. Josef Smrkovský, one of Dubček's closest allies, was kicked off the Central Committee and lost his job as Vice President of the Czechoslovak Parliament. All told, 29 progressives were forced off the Central Committee. Of those, 19 resigned under intense pressure and ten were fired outright. Plainly, it was a major

step toward the Moscow-inspired "normalization" of Czechoslovakia.

So far, the chief effect of this normalization has been to make Czechoslovakia yearn for the heady abnormalities of last year's "Prague spring." Slowdowns and sabotage have hurt the economy. In Prague alone, 260 people arrested during the demonstrations that swept the country on the anniversary of the Soviet invasion are still in jail. Czechoslovaks are fearful that even muted dissent might bring swift arrest under the decrees enacted at the time of the anniversary. Only one step is lacking to complete Czechoslovakia's reversion to the bad old Stalinist days—political show trials, and they might be in the cards.

WESTERN EUROPE

Wildcats on the Loose

The nations of the Continent have long belittled Britain for its inability to curb wildcat strikes. Last week wildcatters in the shipping and motor industries were giving British officials fits, as usual. Suddenly, however, those walkouts seemed as harmless as prolonged tea breaks compared with what was happening across the Channel:

► In Italy, 130,000 workers left Turin's Fiat plant, and thousands more struck the Pirelli rubberworks in Milan, in both cases for higher wages. In the first six months of this year, walkouts cost some 81 million man-hours. Worse is in prospect, for labor contracts affecting half of the country's 7,000,000 industrial workers expire before year's end.

► In West Germany, where the booming economy of the *Wirtschaftswunder* has kept employees content for years, garbage collectors walked out in Munich and Nürnberg last week to demand better pay. Earlier, there were almost-unheard-of wildcat strikes by West Berlin bus and subway employees, Ruhr steelworkers and Saar coal miners.

► In France, the trains, subways and buses began rolling again after a week of wildcat strikes. But almost immediately, unofficial stoppages happened at random from the Channel to the Italian border, and 10,000 employees at the huge Renault plant near Paris are threatening to strike next week for shorter hours.

The English Sickness. In many cases, something more was involved than the usual demands for better pay and conditions. The workers were ignoring their union leaders, whom they often regard as too timid or too ready to cooperate with management. They were also reflecting demands for broad social change. Said an Italian labor leader: "Workers are thinking now of participation in industrial and social decisions as well as of wages and pensions."

Italy's bargaining climate is certainly not helped by the succession of three weak caretaker governments that have held power since May 1968. But far deeper causes underlie much of the labor unrest. Italian workers are caught between the higher cost of living brought



HUSÁK ADDRESSING CENTRAL COMMITTEE (SEATED: SMRKOVSKÝ & DUBČEK)
Heading back to the bad old days.



INSURANCE MEN PICKETING IN LONDON

Suddenly everyone seemed susceptible.

on by the nation's celebrated *Il Boom* and a notoriously unresponsive national leadership, Italy's public services, from education to rapid transit, are among the poorest in Western Europe.

West Germany's labor troubles may well reflect political opportunism more than anything else. As national elections neared, workers knew that the government would jump to settle with strikers rather than risk disorders. Sure enough, hardly had some 25,000 metalworkers and 50,000 coal workers walked off their jobs than they won wage hikes of 11% and 13% respectively. What bothered Germans more than the size of the settlements, however, was the fact that both were won in wildcat strikes—a tactic almost never used by West Germany's well-disciplined labor unions. Some businessmen wondered aloud whether Germany had caught the "English sickness" that allows British shop stewards to close whole industries in defiance of national union leaders.

France has proved particularly susceptible to the sickness since its workers returned from their August vacations to the cold realities of President Georges Pompidou's austerity program. Pompidou rightly fears that a round of wage increases would force him to cheapen the recently devalued franc still further. A policy of intransigence, on the other hand, could lead to massive shutdowns. There was some speculation that Pompidou might have hit upon a middle alternative last week when he suggested that Renault workers be made shareholders in the factory (Charles de Gaulle's "participation" plan, by contrast, offered workers a role in policymaking).

Whether or not Pompidou's ploy



METALWORKERS RALLYING IN TURIN

works, it was plain that the unequal distribution of wealth in France—and elsewhere—was one of the root causes of the current unrest. Said Political Commentator Jean Fernet: "The war has moved from the political to the social battlefield." And, as in beleaguered Britain, nobody can be sure where the next skirmish might break out.

NORTH VIET NAM

The Thang-Bang Team

To serve as North Viet Nam's vice president, Ho Chi Minh in 1960 chose a man who offered three distinct advantages. He was unquestionably loyal to Ho's cause, he constituted no threat to Ho's power, and he enabled Ho to avoid choosing a potential heir from among several younger, more ambitious men. For very similar reasons, Ton Duc Thang, at 81 the oldest living member of Hanoi's Lao Dong (Worker's Party), last week was elevated from the vice-presidency to the post left vacant by Ho's death in September. Thang's accession to the presidency confirmed that none of the four real rivals for Ho's mantle—Premier Pham Van Dong, Party Boss Le Duan, National Assembly Chairman Truong Chinh and Defense Minister Vo Nguyen Giap—are yet strong enough to claim it for themselves.

Euphonious Combination. As it to emphasize that the figurehead Vice President would be no more than a figurehead President, the National Assembly did not even permit Thang to choose his second-in-command. Ignoring the constitution, which authorizes a President to name his Vice President, the Assembly made the decision for him, elect-

ing Nguyen Luong Bang, about 65, a member of the party Central Committee and North Viet Nam's Ambassador to Moscow from 1952 to 1957. Whatever other assets the new Vice President brings to his job, his election gives North Viet Nam the world's most euphonious governmental team—Thang and Bang.

Thang, a Southerner, probably met Ho when both attended Saigon's Ecole Industrielle d'Extreme Orient in 1910. Involved in nationalist agitation from his youth, he found it prudent to get out of the country for a while and moved to France. In 1919, as a draftee in the French navy, Thang joined a Communist-led mutiny when his battleship sailed to the Black Sea port of Sevastopol with other Allied vessels in an effort to overthrow the Bolshevik regime. He was expelled from the service and returned to Indo-China, where in 1929 he was sent to the penal colony at Poulo Condore for seditionist activity. Not until 1945 was he released, in time to join in the war against the French.

No Tampering. Though Thang has served as president of the North Viet Nam-U.S.S.R. Friendship Association and has been awarded the Order of Lenin and the Stalin Peace Prize, he is not expected to tamper with Hanoi's delicate relations with the Soviet Union and China. For that matter, he will probably be allowed to tamper with very little. To avert a bruising struggle for the succession, the contenders have quite deliberately removed the presidency from the arena. Until North Viet Nam's power vacuum is filled, "Uncle Ton," as Thang is sometimes called, is expected to do little more than urge unity and praise the late Uncle Ho.

FOOD

Going Against Hunger

Although 500 million of the world's 3.5 billion people still go to bed hungry, agricultural technology has shown that food production can indeed keep ahead of population growth. Last week the United Nations' Food and Agriculture Organization reported that world farm output increased in 1968 by about 3% v. a population growth of 2%. The ten-year trend shows a slowly increasing amount of food per person.

Only Latin America fell behind seriously last year; drought caused a drop of 2% in food output, while population increased by 2%. Developing countries in Africa increased farm production by 2%, while population went up an estimated 2.5%. By contrast, the food shy developing countries in Asia, where ancient methods of farming are gradually giving way to more efficient cultivation of high-yield strains of rice and wheat, increased their food production by 5% for the second year in a row. The biggest gains were made by Malaysia (11%) and Thailand (8%). In the Western world, the U.S., Canada, Australia and Western Europe continued to accumulate huge surpluses of vital foodstuffs.

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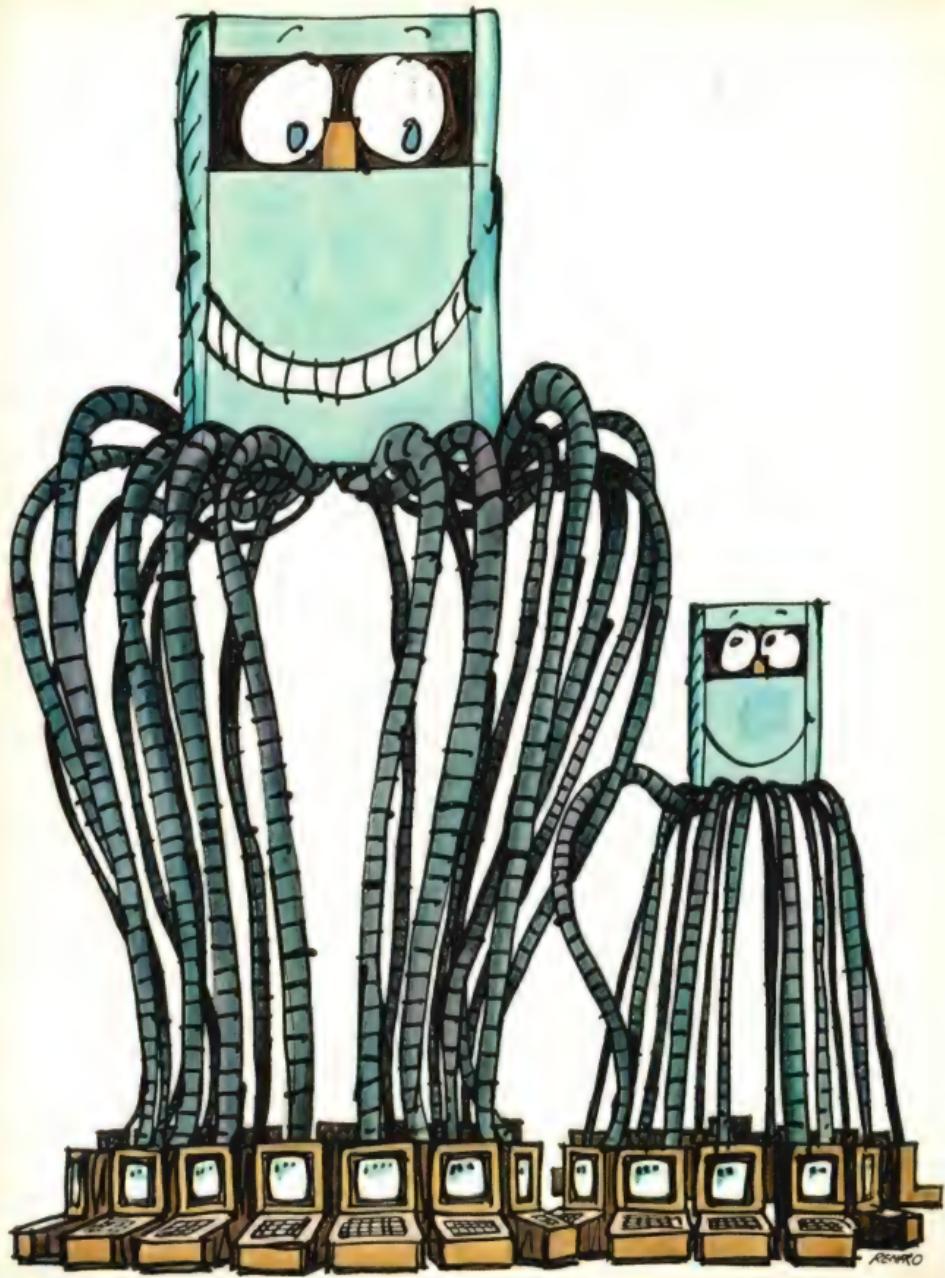
From its majestic grille to its emerald-cut taillights, the new Marquis has a dramatic elegance that only the men who make the Continental Mark III could create. It is without question the most dramatically styled automobile in the medium-priced field. The 1970 Marquis Brougham shown offers as standard

many features that are available only as extra-cost options on most cars: concealed headlights, a 429 cubic inch V-8, and Select-Shift transmission which lets you shift automatically or manually, driver's choice. The Marquis comes in a choice of nine distinguished models including two station wagons.



LINCOLN-MERCURY





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CHINA'S TWO DECADES OF COMMUNISM

The Chinese revolution is great, but the road after the revolution will be longer, the work greater and more arduous.

—Mao Tse-tung (1949)

TWO decades after Communist soldiers marched into Peking to climax Mao Tse-tung's takeover of China, the road still seems long and tortuous, the struggle unrelentingly arduous. Like many another reformer, Mao has found that building a country can be as least as difficult as making a revolution. Thus, when thousands of Chinese mass this week in the capital's great Tiananmen Square to hail the 20th anniversary of Communist rule, their celebrations will be tempered by the awareness of problems that are as immense as the vast land and as numerous as its people. This was to have been a "year of triumph" for Mao and China—with a victorious end to his Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution and a restoration of law and order throughout a badly fragmented nation. But the balance sheet is dismal for 1969—as it is for many of the years since 1949.

On its tenth anniversary, China seemed well on its way to becoming a world power. Now that prospect is remote. To be sure, the indexes of improvement over 1949 are impressive (see chart opposite). China has emerged as a formidable Asian power, a member of the nuclear club,* and an ideo-

* Peking has an estimated 100 nuclear devices, including hydrogen bombs, but it is only now developing and testing the medium-range missiles needed to deliver them. Tokyo's *Asahi Shimbun* reported that the Chinese had conducted an underground nuclear test early last week; the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission had no comment.

logical challenger of the Soviet Union. But it also remains economically backward, militarily weak, politically divided and alienated from much of the world.

Of China's 760 million people—one-fifth of mankind—some 500 million are peasants, hardly a foundation for a superpower. Despite efforts to extend schools to the farthest reaches of the country, more than half the population is illiterate. Production on China's communal farms has almost kept pace with the population, but it takes 85% of the labor force to grow the food. While the economy spurred ahead during the Communists' first decade at an estimated annual rate of 10%, it has been growing a mere 1% a year since 1959.

Virtually Ungovernable. When the Communists took over in 1949, China could hardly have been in worse condition. It was in the midst of a great historic drama—and the U.S. watched it with deep concern, for China has always held a unique place in the American imagination. After two millenniums of maintaining an exquisitely sophisticated culture in relative isolation from the world, China was invaded by the West—by its traders, missionaries, soldiers and technicians. First under Sun Yat-sen, whose revolution overthrew the Manchu empire, then under Chiang Kai-shek, new leaders struggled to rescue the Chinese spirit from repeated foreign humiliations, and, above all, to push the nation into the modern world. After the Communists moved in to capture the nationalist revolution, a bitter civil war left China in chaos.

Quickly, the Communists moved to curb inflation, suppress bandits and warlords, rehabilitate industry and the transportation network, equalize food dis-

tribution, establish a tax system and bring the people rudimentary health care. For the first time in anyone's memory, an efficient, honest administration was in charge—though it could also be ruthless and even inhuman in its desire to impose unity on the land. By 1952, Mao had used persuasion and purge to consolidate his power, and China was ready to transform its economy.

The Great Leap. With patience, some economists believe, Communist China could have been very largely self-sufficient by about 1967. But Mao, with his rigid dogmatism, was impatient. In 1957, he launched his Great Leap Forward—single heroic burst that would overnight transform China into a modern nation. The targets were preposterous—e.g., a 33% annual increase in industrial production—and so were the demands made on the people. "In those days, the workers never went home," a factory manager told Austrian Journalist Hugo Portisch. "They stayed at their machines twelve, 14, 16 or 20 hours at a time. They had only one goal: to do all they could." Vast armies of blue-tickled men and women toiled over irrigation projects, dams and thousands of back-yard steel furnaces. In less than two years, it was clear that the Great Leap had thrust China backward.

Mao was shunted aside in the intraparty battles that followed the fail-safe. A group of more pragmatic men, led by President Liu Shao-chi, set out to repair the damage. They were on the way to succeeding when Mao began stirring again. "Those in China now under the age of 20 have never fought a war and have never seen an imperialist or known capitalism in power," he told American Author Edgar Snow in 1965. He feared that the young, without the rigors of revolution to test them as he had been tested, were getting soft. The ideological split with the Soviet Union was by now forbiddingly wide, and Mao feared that China would eventually follow the Soviet example: a revolution that had been sold out, turning bourgeois in its concern for consumer goods and comforts rather than self-sacrifice and struggle. His antidote, the prescription of an aging revolutionary romantic, was the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. Like the Great Leap, it was a quixotic undertaking, one that was intended not only to rid him of rivals like Liu and break up the fossilized party and state bureaucracy, but also to radicalize China and revitalize its revolutionary ardor.

Mao launched the great purge in 1966, and the whirlpool quickly engulfed the nation. Under the assault of the youthful Red Guards, Mao's fanatic shock troops, the party and government bureaucracies were badly battered and leaders like President Liu Shao-chi were humiliated and ousted. The economy ground down. Schools were closed for almost two years; when



CHINESE WORKERS IN 1950 NATIONAL DAY PARADE
Problems as immense as the land.

Asahi Shimbun Correspondent Iyesige Akioka visited Tung Chi University in Shanghai this month, he discovered that there would be graduating classes this year and next—but none after that. No one seemed to know when enrollment would resume. Factional clashes became brutal: at one point in the struggle, bodies floated down the Pearl River from Canton and washed ashore in Hong Kong. Mao finally backed down and called in the army to restore control.

Big Cleanup. Once unleashed, however, the forces were difficult to harness. To this day, the nation remains in disarray. Last month, with the aid of the army, the regime launched a "big cleanup." Since then, there have been reports of mass arrests, public trials and even executions of "factionalists, reactionaries, anarchists, saboteurs and opportunists." It is unclear whether the campaign is intended simply to put China's house in order for the Oct. 1 anniversary or whether it is part of the army's larger, long-range drive to restore peace and order.

Factional fighting still flares frequently in the provinces. In Shansi, troops have had to be called in from elsewhere to stop rioting. In Tibet, small guerrilla clashes are said to be frequent, and there are reports that the Panchen Lama, once considered a willing tool of Peking, has escaped from prison. In Szechuan, one of China's rice bowls, an armed group calling itself the "Red Worker-Peasant Guerrilla Column" is said to be roaming the hills. In Hunan, Chairman Mao's home province, authorities complain that "the trend of anarchism ran rampant" all last summer. In Kiangsu, Maoist cultural cadre are vociferously denouncing "rock-'n'-roll crazy dances and vulgar and revolting actions in some so-called revolutionary dances."

Many members of China's younger generation seem disaffected—some because they want no part of Maoist puritanism and idealism, others because they feel that the Chairman has not gone far enough in his efforts to regenerate the revolution. Indeed, throughout the population, the Cultural Revolution seriously undermined respect for authority. Abroad, China's position is not much better. Peking has lost much



RED GUARDS HAILING MAO TSE-TUNG (1966)
Prescriptions of a revolutionary romantic.

face in Asia and Africa. Once the Third World carefully watched the competition between India and China. India still has trouble aplenty, but economic planners no longer seriously consider the "Chinese model." Albania is China's only real friend, and Peking has but a few close acquaintances—Pakistan, Romania, Syria, Nepal, Tanzania, Mali, Guinea. Peking has diplomatic relations with only 46 countries, and at present keeps ambassadors in 18 of them. During the Cultural Revolution, all but one of them were recalled to Peking.

Many experts assume that when Mao dies, his appointed heir, Defense Minister Lin Piao, will take over the chairmanship of the party. His rule will most likely be only temporary; behind the scenes, the country may well be run by a collective leadership. Challengers are likely to rise from the radical left, headed by Mao's wife Chiang Ching and such Cultural Revolution stalwarts as Ideologue Chen Po-ta. Eventually, however, more moderate forces may prevail, perhaps clustered around Premier Chou En-lai and the politically savvy Chief of Staff of the Armed Forces, General Huang Yung-sheng.

Defensive Stance. The chants and the rhetoric will initially be pure Mao, but the leadership's preoccupation will be with such necessities as the restoration of law and order, the rehabilitation of the economy, a toning down of the conflict with the Soviets. There may even be concessions to private incentive. The compelling need to restore domestic calm might be enough to keep the nation out of foreign adventure. China's military stance is therefore likely to remain defensive for some time—provided the feud with the Soviets does not get out of hand. The dispute between the two nations is at an extremely sensitive juncture. For roughly three months, the Soviets have been ex-

erting strenuous efforts to draw China into negotiations on border problems; to give their attempts muscle, they seem to be implying that unless the Chinese agree to a resumption of talks, Moscow might settle the issue by force, perhaps by a pre-emptive strike against China's nuclear installations.

Sick Fifth. Whatever the complexion of the post-Mao leadership, some very basic problems facing China will not fade away in the foreseeable future. The country will have a population of 1 billion by 1980, yet still lacks the solid industrial base that is a must for any modern power. Somehow, Peking will have to reassert the central government's authority over the vast hinterlands—something it lost during the Cultural Revolution. At the same time it will have to determine whether it should soften its stand-offish attitude toward the rest of the world. Eventually it will no doubt have to consider toning down its hostility toward the U.S., which has moved from a romantic and sometimes patronizing vision of China to one of exaggerated fear, abetted by China's unyielding animosity. Washington could aid a change in Peking's posture by breaking down some of its own barriers against China and venturing a more conciliatory attitude.

"In the long run," says Harvard's Edwin O. Reischauer, former U.S. Ambassador to Tokyo, "the chief problem that China presents may not be the danger that it will be so rich and strong, as well as hostile, that it menaces our basic interests, but rather that it may fall so short of meeting the economic needs and aspirations of its people that it remains an unstable and sick fifth of humanity." Not until Peking's leaders begin to busy themselves with the task of satisfying those basic needs will China be able to set out on the long road that Mao talked about 20 years ago.

CHINA	1949	1968
POPULATION (millions)	542	760
INCOME (per capita)	\$50	\$100
LITERACY	10%	35%
FOOD GRAINS Millions of metric tons	108	190
CRUDE STEEL	0.2	12
COAL	32	325

Estimates by U.S. & Japanese sources

MIDDLE EAST

Golda Goes Shopping

"Man was made out of the soft earth," said Richard Nixon, "and woman was made of a hard rib." The President was quoting a Jewish proverb to describe the tough-minded, 71-year-old grandmother who stood beside him: Israeli Premier Golda Meir, who had just met Nixon for the first time. Golda Meir's visit to Washington last week was one of her most important missions since she took office six months ago. The Israelis have been apprehensive about Nixon's announced "evenhanded policy" toward the Middle East. They are acutely aware that he owes very little to Jewish voters. Moreover, they worry that Nixon's eagerness for an agreement with the Russians might move him to make concessions to the Arabs.

If all this troubled Mrs. Meir as her

the 1967 war as part of a negotiated peace. Nixon also wants an end to the shootouts along the Suez. The Administration believes that Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser is the only visible Arab leader strong enough to negotiate peace. Any major attacks on his country could scuttle hope of negotiations.

For a time last week, in fact, it seemed that Nasser was offering a peace feeler. Speaking with reporters at the U.N., Egypt's Foreign Minister Mahmoud Riad was understood to say that his country would negotiate directly with Israel—even before the Israelis withdrew from Arab lands. Later, Riad denied saying anything about direct talks, but he did say that Israel and Egypt were engaged in "Rhodes-type" negotiations. This approach was used in the 1948-49 peace talks on the island of Rhodes, where the Arabs and Israelis, for the record at least, never directly faced each

wide differences on other items of the package, including final boundaries, the disposition of Jerusalem and the Palestinian refugee question.

At week's end, while Gromyko and Rogers agreed to talk further, Golda Meir prepared for a sentimental journey. After visits to New York and Los Angeles, she would return to Milwaukee, where she taught school before moving to Jerusalem in 1921. Even in Milwaukee, Middle East tensions will be apparent. With the Premier will be the largest security force to escort a foreign dignitary since Nikita Khrushchev visited the U.S. in 1959.

Confusion at the Summit

"I am very happy to be here in the Kingdom of Libya," the delegate from South Yemen said as he stepped off a plane in Morocco. A number of other delegates to last week's Rabat summit of 26 predominantly Moslem nations seemed less confused than the Yemeni about where they were—but not about why. Morocco's King Hassan II helped organize the conference after the fire last August in Jerusalem's Al Aqsa mosque, third holiest of Islam's shrines after Mecca and Medina. The summit's aim was to discuss the problem of Al Aqsa and protest Israel's occupation of the Arab sector of Jerusalem. In addition, militant Arabs hoped that they could persuade non-Arab Moslems from Indonesia, Iran and Senegal to join in their campaign against Israel.

Diplomatic Illness. What with the immense diversity of the Moslem world, the delegates had trouble joining one another just to talk. In the gaudy ballroom of the government-owned Rabat Hilton sat such disparate types as Saudi Arabia's conservative King Faisal, the moderate Shah of Iran and Algeria's strongman Houari Boumedienne. Host Hassan neatly averted the problem of sitting alongside an old enemy, Mauritania's President Moktar Ould Daddah, by having his placard lettered "Kingdom of Morocco." That enabled him to move down seven places at the alphabetically arranged table.

Because of their resentment of the conservative Moslem monarchies, the radical Baathist leaders of Iraq and Syria never got to the table. Neither did Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser. Pleading a case of flu, Nasser stayed in Cairo and sent a second-echelon delegate. He feared that the hastily organized meeting would accomplish little—despite its billing as the most important political parley in Islam's 1,389-year history.

Nasser was right. Trouble started soon after the delegates invited India, whose Moslem minority of 60 million gives it the world's third largest Islamic population (after Indonesia's 100 million and Pakistan's 90 million). Next day the Indian Ambassador to Morocco, a gray-bearded Sikh sporting an elegant white turban, joined the Congress. He was, of course, not a Moslem, and it was as if W. C. Fields had shuffled into a W.C.T.U. rally. Sputtered a Pakistani



GOLDA MEIR & NIXON

Nothing like it since Khrushchev.

helicopter touched down on the White House lawn last week, her doubts seemed to be promptly dispatched. She was met with full military honors, a 19-gun salute and a warm welcome from the President. Obviously heartened by her reception, Mrs. Meir thanked Nixon "for enabling me to tell my people that we have a great and a dear friend."

Phantoms and Skyhawks. In private talks, Mrs. Meir presented what she described as her "shopping list." In general, she wanted to be sure that the U.S. would continue to supply arms to Israel. Specifically, she asked for 25 more Phantom jet fighters (Israel has already begun to take delivery of 50, costing \$200 million) and 80 Skyhawk jets. Noting the war's strain on Israel's budget, she requested a cut in the estimated 7% interest that Israel is still paying on the initial Phantom order.

Mrs. Meir's visit came as Washington sought solutions to the violence in the Middle East. In exchange for aid, the U.S. may ask Israel, among other things, to return some of the land captured in

other. Proposals were shuttled between the two sides by Dr. Ralph Bunche—a role that could now be played by Dr. Gunnar Jarring of Sweden.

Direct Talks. In Washington, Mrs. Meir repeated the negotiation terms on which the Israelis insist: either direct talks with the Arabs or none at all. She is especially adamant in her refusal to recognize any effort by the Soviet Union to arrange peace terms. This puts her at odds with the Nixon Administration, which believes that the Russians—as equipiers of the Arabs

must play a part in peace as in war. Thus, when Secretary of State William Rogers met on two occasions last week with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, the Middle East was high on their agenda. Moscow now seems to realize that it is unrealistic simply to demand Israeli withdrawal from the conquered Arab lands. Any withdrawal terms will have to be part of a package that includes a binding declaration of peace from the Arabs. The Rogers-Gromyko talks also proved that there are

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Electronic timer sounds off the instant your print is perfectly developed.

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KING HASSAN II: OPENING ISLAMIC CONFERENCE
Invite Israel next year?

journalist. "If India can come, there could be an Islamic summit next year to which Israel could be invited. They have a Moslem minority too."

Outraged, Pakistan's President Yahya Khan retreated to his white guest villa and boycotted the meeting, refusing even to answer the telephone. Only after formal assurance that India would stay away did Yahya finally rejoin the conference. In the process, he forced Hassan to begin his lavish farewell dinner nearly four hours late.

The Protector. Because of the delays, the delegates stayed on an extra day to endorse a final communiqué. As far as the militants were concerned, they need not have bothered. Seven of the non-Arab Moslem countries, including Iran, Senegal and Turkey, have diplomatic ties with Israel. As a result, resolutions calling for all Moslem nations to break off relations with Israel were foreshadowed. The final communiqué simply echoed parts of the 1967 U.N. resolution, calling on Israel to withdraw from the Arab territories that it occupied during the Six-Day War and asked the Big Four to redouble their efforts to bring about a settlement of the area's disputes. The delegates also declared their support for the Arab refugees who have left Israel since the 1948 war. Observed a Syrian official in Damascus: "The summit failed. The only solution lies on the battlefield."

Meanwhile, a five-member Israeli investigative commission, including two Moslems, issued a 19-page report on the issue that launched the conference—the Al Aqsa fire. The report accused the mosque's Moslem guards of laxity for having allowed the alleged arsonist,

a 28-year-old Australian, to slip into the shrine before visiting hours. Fire damage could have been greatly reduced if modern extinguishers had been available in the mosque, the report added, but Arab officials had rejected an earlier Israeli offer of fire-fighting equipment. Their reasoning, the report went on, was: "There is nothing to fear; God is great and he will protect the place for us."

INDIA

A Sad Centennial

Much of the civilized world this week is noting the centennial of the birth of Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, India's great apostle of peace and non-violence. Yet in the western Indian state of Gujarat, where the Mahatma was born on Oct. 2, 1869, his own countrymen set the stage for the anniversary observances with the bloodiest religious riots since independence 22 years ago.

In a seven-day outburst of communal hatred, Hindu and Moslem mobs tore through the capital city of Ahmedabad, a prosperous and progressive metropolis of 1,600,000 graced by four buildings designed by Le Corbusier. By week's end, at least 1,000 Indians lay dead in Ahmedabad, Baroda and other nearby cities. 3,500 were in prison and over 30,000 were homeless.

Abiding Animosities. A favorite Indian slogan is "Unity in Diversity," but the abiding religious, regional and linguistic animosities that are grouped under the term communism have long made the phrase a mockery. Of all the hatreds that roil the subcontinent, none is deeper than the religious hostility between India's 460 million Hindus and 60 million Moslems—a heritage of the bloody Moslem conquest that established the Mogul Empire four centuries ago. Hindu-Moslem rioting has grown more and more frequent since 1964, when three months of turmoil cost 500 lives. The cause then: theft of a sacred relic, said to be a hair of Mohammed, from a Kashmir mosque. This year religious clashes have been occurring at a rate of one per day.

The tensions that lay behind last week's chaos had been building for months. In one case, tempers flared briefly when a Hindu policeman accidentally knocked a copy of the Koran off a Moslem bookseller's cart. Uneasiness increased when 100,000 Moslems paraded through the city to protest the burning of the Al Aqsa mosque in Jerusalem last August—confirming the conviction among many Hindus that Moslems give true allegiance not to India but to Islam. Only a small spark was needed to touch off an explosion.

It came when a herd of sacred cows got in the way of a religious procession of 1,000 Moslems. The Moslems chased the Hindu *sadhus* (holy men) from their herd and stoned a temple where they took refuge. Violence, fanned by false rumors that the sacred cows had been butchered, spread quickly. Rampaging

groups destroyed shops and homes in every part of the city. Using everything from Molotov cocktails to light bulbs filled with acid, they slaughtered men, women and children with what one Indian official described as "rare brutality." Hundreds had their throats cut, many with small, razor-sharp hand sickles. Others were dragged from their homes by frenzied mobs who trussed them up, doused them with gasoline, set them afire and then built pyres of household possessions around the flaming corpses.

Forgotten Admonition. The bloodletting went uncured for two days as Ahmedabad's predominantly Hindu police force stood and again moved in on Hindu mobs only after the damage was done; though Moslems make up only 20% of the population, they suffered perhaps 70% of the casualties. Not until New Delhi dispatched more than 4,000 troops and special police, armed with orders to shoot rioters on sight, did violence begin to subside—at least in the city. In the hinterlands, mobs held two trains and dragged passengers off, killing 17 and wounding 20.

Ahmedabad soon swarmed with refugees. At one point, 20,000 Moslems crowded into the city stadium. Seven days after the riots began, a grim Prime Minister Indira Gandhi (no relation to the Mahatma) drove silently past Ahmedabad's blackened buildings, then returned to New Delhi and summoned the heads of India's states to discuss ways of avoiding future Ahmedabads. Her advice might well be the same as Gandhi's admonition to his Congress Party members 44 years ago: "Go throughout your districts, and spread the message of Hindu-Moslem unity."



INDIRA TOURING RIOT-RAVAGED AHMEDABAD
Where hatred is communal.

BOLIVIA

Exporting Peronism

Peru's year-old military regime affects a staunchly nationalist leftist stance in a part of the world where juntas have usually been right—at least ideologically. "Peronism," as the phenomenon has come to be known, is evidently exportable. The soldiers who seized power in neighboring Bolivia last week quickly promised land reform, recognition of "socialist countries" and a left-wing policy. Said General Alfredo Ovando Candia, 51, the junta strongman and new President: "It is our wish to establish a sort of confederation with the Peruvian military regime."

The bloodless takeover itself was unremarkable in a country which, during

Oil Co. for his campaign kitty. Finally, the self-effacing general feared that if he did not stage a preventive coup, a cabal of young officers would beat him to it.

Ovando's first acts were the sort designed to pacify his juniors. He named a "really revolutionary" civilian-military Cabinet whose oldest member is 44. He scrapped the code under which Gulf operates in Bolivia as "prejudicial," emulating Peru's recent takeover of the International Petroleum Co., a subsidiary of Standard Oil of New Jersey. Gulf, which now pays Bolivia 30% of its profits and 11% of the oil it pumps, may be pressured to hand over part ownership of the subsidiary.

What about those elections scheduled for next May? "This is a revolutionary government," Ovando shrugged at a press conference, "and we cannot yet speak about elections." Whatever its politics, Bolivia has become the ninth Latin American country to come under military rule, thus joining a growing club whose members now control more than half of Latin America's 260 million people.

ARGENTINA

The Siege of Cipolletti

The repressive military regime of Argentine Dictator Juan Carlos Onganía has fallen on tough times. Last May a police crackdown on students touched off bloody big-city riots. Three weeks ago, railway workers set white trains afire in response to a mobilization order. Other unions have threatened to tie up the whole economy. Yet nowhere has the brass been more badly tarnished than in Cipolletti, a fruit-packing town of 32,000, deep in the interior. There, the aroused residents used hoes, sticks and a sackful of cats to foil a long bureaucratic siege, a provincial governor and three puppet "mayors."

Defenestrated Deputies. The regime's bad days at Cipolletti erupted not over high policy but a relatively modest 80-mile, \$2.8 million road that was to be built in the Andean foothills. The road was the pet project of Governor Juan Figueroa Funge, 66, of Rio Negro Province, who proudly announced it at his inauguration in Viedma last August. It was also the pet peeve of outspoken Mayor Julio Dante Salto of Cipolletti, 600 miles away. Salto, 55, called the road "folly" and urged that the money be spent on other projects. At that, Figueroa decided that it was time to get rid of the meddlesome mayor. When Salto walked into his city hall office at high noon one day three weeks ago, he was greeted by a delegation from Viedma: Figueroa's Undersecretary of Government, Provincial Police Chief Antonio Aller and a notary public who, Salto was told, had just been sworn in as the new mayor.

Salto was not about to surrender. Claiming that he could not read the dis-

missal order without his glasses, he sent a secretary out of the room on the pretext of fetching them. The secretary promptly telephoned the local radio station, and while most Cipolletanos were at their midday meal, they heard a broadcast describing the "reprehensible outrage." Quickly they rallied to support Salto, an obstetrician who since 1963 had vastly improved the city's school, water and sewer systems, set up neighborhood medical dispensaries and won wide popularity.

Within minutes 5,000 citizens were converging on city hall, wielding sticks, hoes and shovels. They burst into Salto's second-floor office and unceremoniously tossed the new "mayor," the Undersecretary and Top Cop Aller out of a window. Aller wound up in a flower bed. Figueroa's defenestrated deputies fled to a nearby police station and finally pledged that Salto would remain mayor after all. Half the city's people danced in the streets until 3 a.m., celebrating their victory.

It proved short-lived. When Cipolletanos awoke after the weekend, they found city hall ringed by 200 heavily armed policemen who had been trucked in from other towns overnight by the enraged Chief Aller. Salto managed to escape, but Aller killed his 19-year-old son and declared himself "interim mayor."

Short Career. In protest, the townpeople closed their schools and shops, donned black armbands and launched a guerrilla-style campaign of harassment. By rearrangement, the city's 8,000 motorists leaned on their horns simultaneously. Cops chased and arrested 150 drivers. The locals emptied a large sackful of cats among Aller's police dogs, and when one excited dog bit a twelve-year-old boy, it looked as if the situation might explode in violence. Aller's police moved into action—after a fashion. Jittery machine gunners fired short warming bursts. One cop hurt himself trying to launch a tear-gas grenade. Another drew his revolver inside the police station and accidentally wounded two other policemen.

Next day yet another "mayor" arrived from Viedma—an army lieutenant colonel who had been the economics minister of Rio Negro Province. The colonel's mayoral career was even shorter than the cop's and the notary's. Within hours, he fell out with Aller and left town. So did Aller and his police. Finally, the regime got a mayor to stick—an army deputy brigade commander who won the townpeople's acquiescence partly because he at least had the grace to leave his troops behind.

At week's end Dr. Salto was preparing to go back to Cipolletti for yet another bash, even though there was little chance that he would return to city hall: the regime had publicly denounced him as a "disobedient mayor." Still there was some cause for celebration. Last week President Onganía cashiered the fumbling Figueroa.



OVANDO IN LA PAZ AFTER COUP
185 changes in 144 years.

its 144-year history, has had 185 changes of government, mostly by coups. The ousted civilian President, Lawyer Luis Adolfo Siles Salinas, was serving as Vice President last April when President René Barrientos, the flamboyant ex-air chief, was killed in a helicopter crash. Ovando, the army chief and Barrientos' partner in the 1964 coup against Victor Paz Estenssoro, was in the U.S. at the time. Except for that fact, he almost certainly would have seized power then.

Really Revolutionary. Instead, Ovando bided his time, counting on winning the presidency legitimately in next year's elections. But things soon began to sour. The mayor of La Paz, another general, entered the presidential race. Radicals in the legislature opened fire on Ovando, charging that he had accepted \$600,000 from the U.S.-owned Bolivian Gulf

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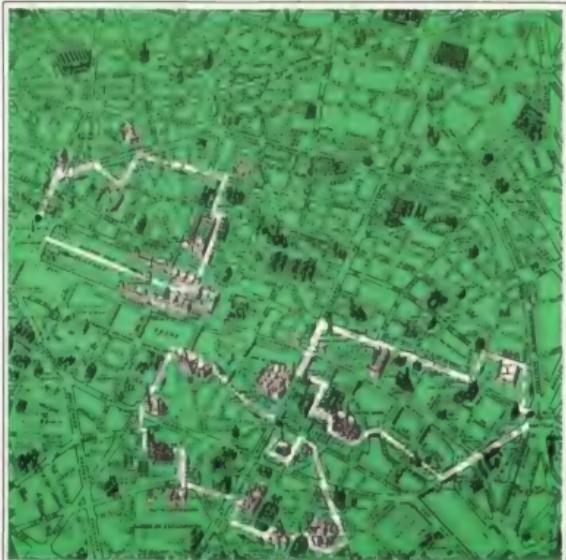
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in Paris, le Marais. Begin where others ended at the Place de la Bastille. Wind your way through the streets to the Carmelite Museum on the rue des Francs-Bourgeois. Once the home of Mme. de Sévigné, the noted chronicler, this splendid mansion is a house of history. Pass by the Hôtel de Ville or City Hall on your way to the Place du Châtelet. Cross over to the Île de la Cité and visit the Palais

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PEOPLE

A group of aging men trudged slowly through the imperial paddyfield in Tokyo's Palace compound, stooping to cut the rice plants in an annual harvest ritual as old as the gods of Japan. Their leader, in a gray shirt and a battered panama hat, was once considered the descendant of the sun and is still patron of all agriculture—the Emperor himself. In a traditional announcement, the Palace reported that **Hiroyuki**, 68, and his chamberlains had harvested "a good crop" from the 350-square-yard paddy. Part of the sacred grain will be distilled into black and white sake and offered to imperial ancestors in the Palace's inner sanctuaries.

The long-awaited heavyweight fight between Ex-Champion **Muhammad Ali** and Joe Frazier, who is recognized as the champ by six states, nearly came off last week on a Philadelphia street. After quarreling with Frazier on a local TV talk show, Ali (who lost his title after refusing induction into the military) lay in wait outside the studio. When Frazier emerged, Ali hit him in the shoulder with a long, looping right. Before followers could restrain both fighters, Ali threw another punch that fell short. "If Clay gets a license to fight, we'll fight him," Frazier's manager said afterward. "Until then, we're willing to use him as a sparring partner—and we'll pay him."

It was a warm Saturday afternoon in Manhattan, and the boys could hardly wait to try out their new toy rockets. Accompanied by a governess and a Secret Service man, **John-John Kennedy**, 8, and a playmate found an appropriate site in Central Park. While strollers stopped to stare, the boys successfully launched the plastic missiles, which, with the aid of a propellant of vinegar mixed with baking soda, rose about



HIROYUKI
Sake for ancestors.

twelve feet into the air. John-John was so delighted by the performance that he blurted: "Now I have my own little Cape Kennedy."

Although they are both Republicans and more or less liberal, two Rockefeller brothers seemed to be in friendly competition to win the favor of Georgia's Democratic reactionary Governor **Lester Maddox**. Aware that Arkansas Governor **Winthrop Rockefeller** had delivered a shiny orange bicycle to Maddox after Lester had jokingly complained about his lack of transportation, New York Governor **Nelson Rockefeller** could hardly wait to upstage his brother. How did Maddox like the bike from



JOHN-JOHN & ROCKETS
His own little Cape Kennedy.

Winthrop? he asked. One with a motor would be better, Lester allowed. The answer was not lost on Nelson, who bought a pea-green motorbike and sent it to the statehouse in Atlanta. Put-putting happily around his office, Maddox offered his newest benefactor a free ride any time he comes south.

"Actually, we're already married, really," says America's 25-year-old folk hero, "because people get married when they love each other." Still, to avoid "a hassle," **Arlo Guthrie** and Jackie Hyde, 25, will soon take the vows—possibly in the deconsecrated Stockbridge, Mass. church that was his home in the film *Alice's Restaurant*. The balladeer-songwriter met his "very groovy chick" while performing in Los Angeles at the Troubadour Café, where she was serving tables. "She has the same philosophy I have," he says. "We're just interested in living."

Looking up the address of Baroness **Aliz de Rothschild** in the Paris phone directory, Construction Worker Josef Stadnik proceeded to her duplex apartment, where he confronted her son, **David**, 27, with a pistol. Demanding 2,000,000 francs (\$360,000) to spare David's life, the nervous gunman forced the young heir to call his father, Rothschild Bank President Baron **Guy de Rothschild**, for the ransom. No sooner said than done. "In a situation like mine, you know, with all the contacts you have, it is not hard to find a big sum," David later explained. When Baron Guy arrived to pay off in person, Stadnik commanded the bank's chauffeured car and made a dramatic getaway run. But alerted police moved in at a stoplight, smashed a window and stunned Stadnik with a pistol butt.

"A crown of glittering and priceless jewels," was Arthur Houghton Jr.'s metaphor. The president of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art was describing a gift that is soon to become part of the Met's permanent exhibits: the art collection of the late **Robert Lehman**, the investment banker who died in August. It was quite a birthday gift for the museum's 100th anniversary. The value of the greatest bequest in the Metropolitan's history has been estimated to be \$100 million, but it is probably much higher: many of the nearly 3,000 objects are of a kind and quality no longer obtainable on the art market, making it impossible to assess their true value. Besides paintings (such masterpieces as El Greco's *St. Jerome as Cardinal* and Rembrandt's *The Painter, Gérard de Lairesse*) and drawings, the collection includes bronzes, tapestries, ceramics, jewelry and furniture from the 12th to the 20th century. Said Museum Director Thomas Hoving to the 400 guests at the lavish party in honor of the Met's benefactors: "The sad thing is that Robert Lehman himself is not here to announce the news of this extraordinarily munificent gift."

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EDUCATION

CAMPUS COMMUNIQUE

Quiet—So Far

Which way campus protest? As a guide to this year's tumult—or peace—TIME herewith presents the first in a series of campus communiqués. Last week, on most of the nation's 2,500 campuses, the big news was no news. But as always, there were exceptions of varying gravity:

► The University of Michigan, where 107 demonstrators were arrested during a sit-in protest against the regents' reluctance to set up a student-controlled campus bookstore. Earlier, 50 demonstrators opposed to ROTC temporarily occupied another building; university officials and Ann Arbor police were studying video tapes of that demonstration, and busts were likely. There were threats of a student strike.

► Harvard University, where a group of 15 to 20 youths staged a lightning raid on the Center for International Affairs, evicting teachers and students, smashing windows and painting slogans, before running off, chanting: "Ho Ho Ho Chi Minh, the N.L.F. is bound to win." Best guess is that the raiders were student members of the Revolutionary Youth Movement, the extremely militant Mark Rudd faction of S.D.S., on a tactical training exercise.

► The University of Houston, where students attacked the school's regents for naming the new sports center after Judge Roy M. Hofheinz, father of the Astrodome, who contributed \$1,500,000 toward the cost of the center. Though angry at not having been consulted, the students finally gave in.

In short, the vast majority of campuses are quiet—so far. But for the chronic trouble spots (roughly 25 schools), the new year has just begun:

COLLEGES

The New Eden

The change on many U.S. campuses this year runs far deeper than the visible clichés of long hair, rock, sex, pot and protest. The old hierarchy of formal education is under attack. Spurred by the "free university" movement (TIME, June 6), more and more campuses seek a new equality between teachers and students. The new vision is a kind of academic Eden where students create their own courses, without grades or formal classes, and the key scene is the group-encounter session that joins teachers and students in working out their hang-ups together.

Appalling? Perhaps. Yet as far back as the 17th century the noted Czech school reformer Johann Amos Comenius wrote: "I seek a method by which the teachers teach less and the learners learn more." Comenius and scores of subsequent idealists argued that formal education suffocates the "need to know"—that the key to authentic learning lies not in numbing young minds with abstract facts, but in freeing the student to study what interests him most: himself and his relation to the world.

Precisely this approach is now being tested in a remarkable experiment run by the otherwise conventional University of Redlands in Redlands, Calif. Somewhat to its own surprise, Redlands has opened a new school this fall called Johnston College that could be a wavelet of the future. Says the brochure: "The touchstone for decision making will be this question: What will most effectively promote the personal and social growth of the individual?"

Johnston College owes much of its philosophy to Presley C. McCoy, its 43-year-old chancellor, who began resisting

academic barriers soon after he got his Ph.D. in political science and communications at Northwestern University. While teaching at Denison University, McCoy realized that departmental boundaries were an obstacle because "to understand communications, my students needed to know sociology, logic, economics and philosophy." As president of the Central States College Association, he later forged a twelve-campus "university" with commonly shared students, labs, computers and libraries. Last year McCoy joined a ten-day encounter group in Georgia—and yearned to adapt the experience to teaching.

McCoy had long pondered "how much your life is governed by feelings. The trick is to make the emotion work for you, instead of against you." McCoy decided that he had learned how to do it in the encounter session: "You need frank feedback on who you are. When you get that, you become so much more honest that you're bound to function better."

At about the same time, the University of Redlands trustees were discussing expansion. Among them was Dwayne Orton, a pioneering educator who helped design IBM's multi-million-dollar-a-year educational program. Anxious to liven up Redlands, Orton persuaded millionaire James G. Johnston, a retired IBM vice president in his 80s, to contribute his name and \$1,750,000 to endow an experimental college. The trustees then hired McCoy to overcome what he defined as the two basic problems in education: rigidity in attitude and rigidity in structure.

In faculty recruiting, says McCoy, "I looked for flexibility, and willingness to interact with the kids, not preach at them." Most of his 17 professors are in their 30s, have top credentials—and uncommonly high motivation. Says Kevin O'Neill, 28, who holds a Ph.D. from Yale and gave up a job teaching philosophy at the University of Texas: "Now we have to prove ourselves as people for a change, which is a joy."

Ten Days in the Woods. As McCoy sees it, the challenge will lie in helping students to solve problems that really concern them. A "test" at Johnston, for example, might be the question: "How would you stop air pollution in Los Angeles?" The students would have a week or two to scour primary sources, gather the facts and work out a solution. Says McCoy: "When you use your whole self solving a problem, it's far more satisfying than sitting in a classroom and regurgitating facts."

What courses will the students actually study? To answer that question, McCoy, his teachers and 181 students (who were screened for psychological stability as well as brains) recently gathered at a church camp in the woods at the foot of the San Bernardino mountains for a ten-day "retreat." Among the course subjects discussed: Is man evolving as an endangered species? Does LSD expand the mind and how? Field trips in environmental appreciation and





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criticism. Hitchhiking and wilderness exploration as investigations into the nature of self and the universe. Can man survive the death throes of the nation-state?

TIME Correspondent Timothy Tyler was on hand at the camp to cover the retreat. His impressions:

The first person I saw was John Watt, an Englishman with history degrees from Oxford, Harvard and Columbia. He's taught at both Harrow and M.I.T., and at 34 he's ripe to take up a pipe, a vest, a full professorship and the production of a lot of stuffy articles for learned journals. Instead, he's out here in the sticks wearing funny blue sneakers and shorts, sitting on the ground under a spreading oak, surrounded by young girls with long hair and Levi's.

"I'm a teacher; why should I also be an authority?" he said. "That's no longer the university's job. The kids out of high school today have very different perceptions than kids did ten years ago—they can't learn from an authority any more. So they come here, and they see us as humans; they see us at our weakest and at our strongest."

Just then a pretty girl rushed up, wrapped her arm around him and said: "I don't want to take world religion after all, John. I've already had too much philosophy and religion. More would make me a lopsided person." Watt beamed at the girl, agreed, gave her a little hug, and she pranced off into the forest to find her new boy friend.

Mystical Transition. It was certainly a different way to start a college. When the students and teachers arrived, Chancellor McCay got them together in the camp's main meeting room, told them where they would sleep and eat, and urged them not to make too much litter. Then he walked out. They had no organization. They had no curriculum. Completely the opposite of the typical college experience in which you are presented, on arriving, with a series of established slots, and told to decide which one you will wedge yourself into for the next four years. Here the only thing on the agenda for ten days was a lot of encounter sessions.

They spent the night sitting on the floor, from right after supper until 2 a.m., hashing out how they would arrive at decisions about the curriculum. There were contingents that wanted a majority vote and some that wanted to elect a permanent leader and a representative body, but finally these ideas were thrown aside and the group decided to reach decisions only by consensus—that is, no decision would be made until it actually pleased everybody.

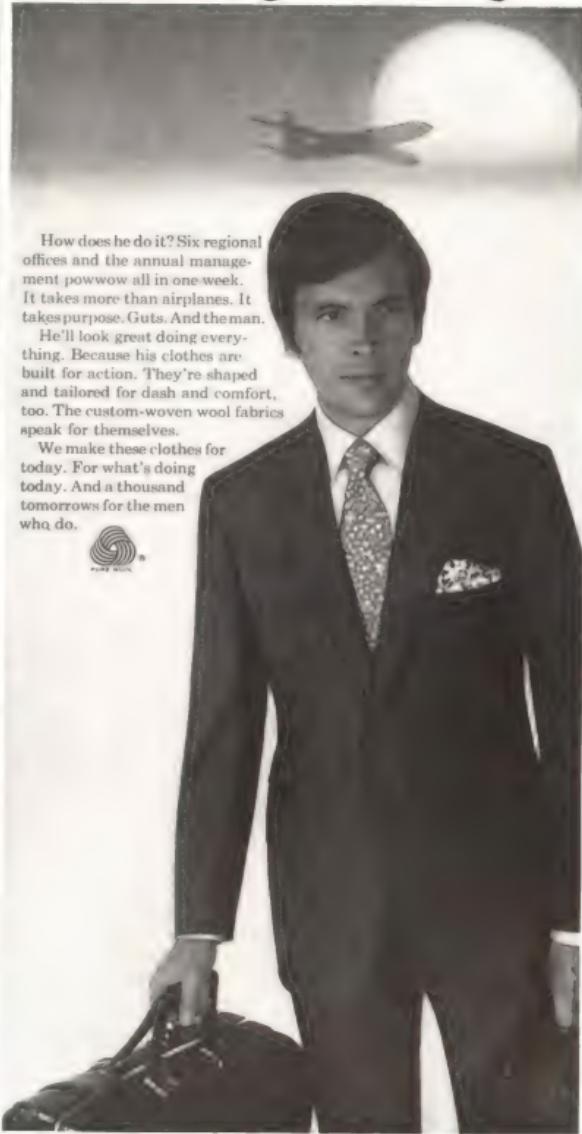
These kids were so excited about the prospect of working out their own destiny as a group, instead of having it all done for them as it had been by their parents and high school teachers, that they couldn't even go to sleep. "That meeting was like a mystical transition," says

Physics Professor Paul Corneil. "There were no longer any adversaries, no longer any need for ego because we were all together."

As Coed Revalee Maase puts it: "When I was in high school, I smoked a lot of grass. Everybody did. But up here I've lost the need—I'm on the best high I've ever had, just working with these kids. It's so intensive, we've been getting to know each other so well that we lose all sense of time."

The source of all this friendliness was the encounter sessions. Everybody attended three a day. They sat in a circle for hours scrutinizing each other. They asked mean, menacing questions like, "Why are you being such a phony, Janet?" They aired sentiments like, "Ann, I love you no matter how s - - - y

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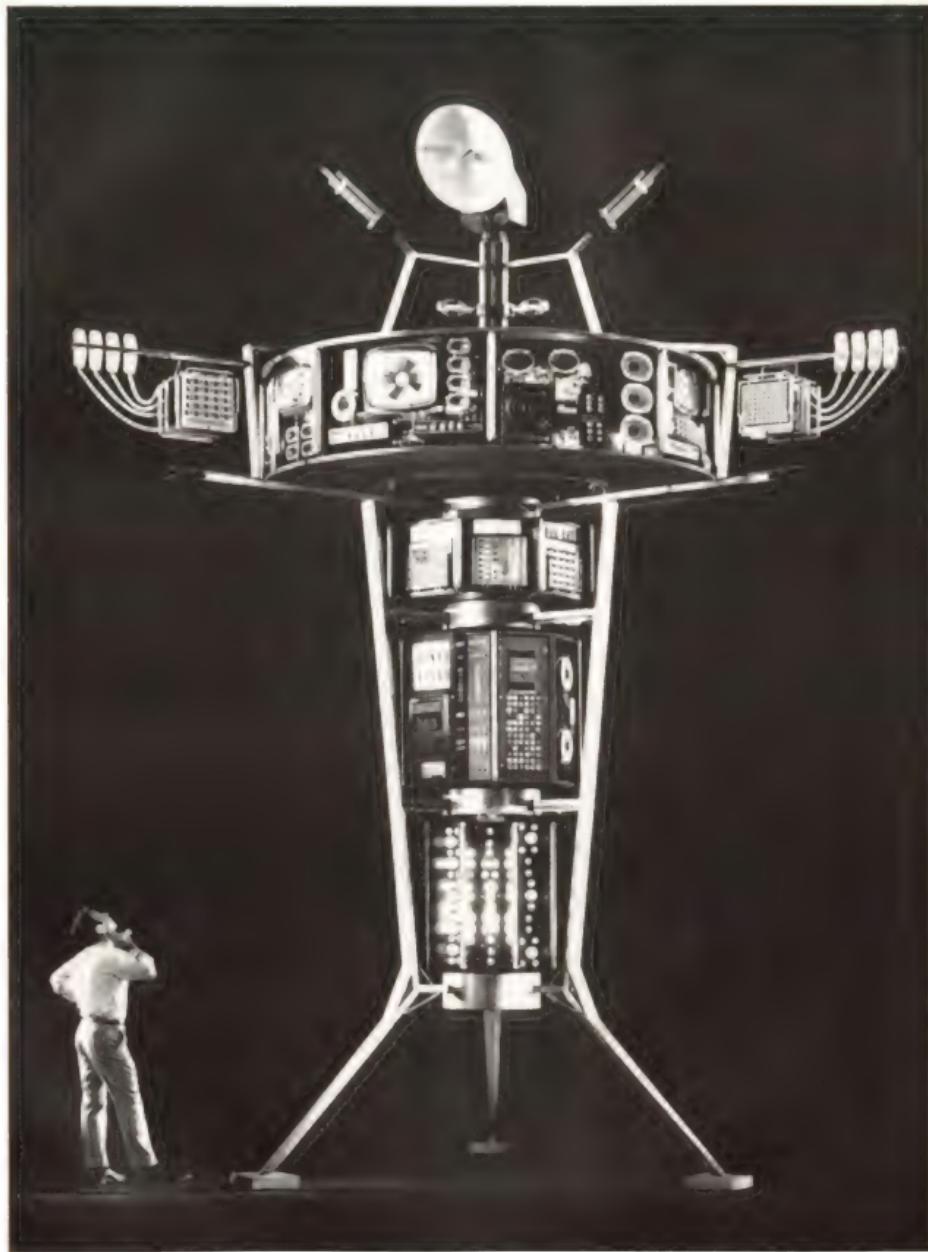
McCoy in "Awareness" session
Certainly a different way.

you are." They cried and constantly embraced one another for saying something that was especially hard to say. The faculty members had to participate in the same way—be completely frank about how they saw themselves in life, about their personal backgrounds, divorces and problems with their wives.

The group sessions were a good way to start. But you have to be young to take it. George Armacost, 65, the about-to-retire president of the sponsoring University of Redlands, came out to the camp one evening and started talking like a normal college administrator until one of the kids cut him off: "C'mon, George, get with it." It was the first time a Redlands student had ever called him George. He was still up at 4 a.m., banging away on his portable typewriter, setting down his reaction to the experience. He didn't quite understand his new college, but it was making him think. Whether his new students will think as deeply as they feel remains to be seen. It should be quite a year.

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THE LAW

Tough Test for Military Justice

ONLY the Army knows why it is so determined to prosecute six of its own officers in Viet Nam for executing an alleged double agent named Thai Khac Chuyen. Whatever the reasons, the murder trials of the Green Beret officers that are supposed to begin later this month could turn into the most sensational courts-martial in U.S. history. The result may be the severest test to date of the judicial system that has governed the military for almost 20 years—the Uniform Code of Military Justice (U.C.M.J.).

The code has been tested in the high-

ers in all general courts-martial but not necessarily in special courts-martial (which outnumber general courts-martial by more than 20 to 1) unless the prosecutor was a lawyer. Because of a scarcity of military lawyers, most defendants at special courts-martial were represented by officers without law degrees. The U.C.M.J. also set up the U.S. Court of Military Appeals in Washington, which has decreed that men in uniform are protected by a number of the safeguards in the Bill of Rights.

But civilian rules do not always work within the autocratic framework of the

a civilian lawyer at his expense) in special courts-martial for crimes that have a bad-conduct discharge as one possible penalty. The law attempts further to limit the influence of the C.O. For example, C.O.s are expressly barred from giving an unfavorable rating to a legal staff member simply because of the zeal with which he represents his clients. More important, the act established an independent judiciary within the armed services for general and most special courts-martial. The new "military judges" are responsible to the Judge Advocate General for each service—and not to their C.O.s as in the past. Also for the first time, the accused may elect to have the judge and not the court-martial board decide his case.

Big Influence. Despite the recent reforms, one of the civilian lawyers for the Green Berets argues that the C.O. has already had a big influence on the case. Manhattan Attorney Henry Rothblatt claims that the charges were brought at the insistence of the U.S. commander in Viet Nam, General Creighton Abrams. Rothblatt believes that the general was piqued because Colonel Robert Rheault, one of the defendants and at the time commander of the Green Berets, did not tell the truth at first about the death of Agent Chuyen. His theory is that the assassination was ordered by the CIA, which denies it, and that Abrams resented the agency's use of his men.

All six Green Beret officers are accused of murder and conspiracy to murder, but the Army has ruled out capital punishment. If convicted, the men thus face dismissal from the service and a maximum term of life imprisonment, with no possibility of release unless the Secretary of the Army changes their sentences. Three captains will be brought to trial first, including Robert F. Marasco, 27, whom the Army specifically named as the triggerman last week. Two majors and Colonel Rheault will be tried later. Charges against two enlisted men, whom the Army apparently hopes will testify against the officers, have been held "in abeyance."

Crime or Duty? Like other notorious cases, the trial of the Green Berets has attracted some of the nation's best criminal lawyers. At week's end, Washington's Edward Bennett Williams was on his way to Saigon as counsel to Colonel Rheault. Boston's F. Lee Bailey will soon join the defense team, which includes not only Rothblatt and South Carolina's George W. Gregory but nine military lawyers. Opposing them will be two young Army lawyers who have never argued in a civilian court.

Rothblatt is confident. If his clients killed Chuyen, he asks, was their act a crime or a patriotic duty? Says he: "We can call literally 250 witnesses who will testify that this was a normal military operation."

Employing a favorite tactic of criminal lawyers, Rothblatt & Co. will no doubt attempt to try the victim instead of the defendants; they will insist that



ROTHBLATT WITH GREEN BERETS*
The miraculous always happens.

est civilian and military courts this year by dissenting servicemen at home who complain of biased courts-martial, harsh sentences, prolonged pretrial imprisonment without bail and military efforts to stifle free speech. In a decision last summer that restricts the military's authority to prosecute servicemen for off-base crimes, the U.S. Supreme Court questioned whether a court-martial is really a fair trial or just another means of enforcing discipline. "A civilian trial is held in an atmosphere conducive to the protection of individual rights," wrote Justice William O. Douglas for the court, "while a military trial is marked by the age-old manifest destiny of retributive justice."

Civilian Rights. Enacted by Congress in 1950, the U.C.M.J. set up three categories of military trial: 1) *summary courts-martial*, which try only enlisted men for minor offenses that have a maximum sentence of one month in prison or 45 days at hard labor; 2) *special courts-martial*, which mainly try enlisted men for crimes that carry a bad-conduct discharge and up to six months in prison; and 3) *general courts-martial*, which handle serious crimes that can lead to life imprisonment and even the death penalty.

The code entitled servicemen to law-

military. Under the U.C.M.J., the C.O. not only convened a general court-martial but appointed the prosecutor, law officer (judge) and veniremen for the court-martial board (jury); he even selected the defense counsel, though the accused could ask for another one. Thus the code did not eliminate the phenomenon known as "command control." Looking back on his experience as a Marine legal officer during the Korean War, Boston Trial Lawyer Joseph Oteri describes the C.O.'s influence on military courts this way: "The word always filtered down that the Old Man wanted such and such to happen. And, miracle of miracles, it always did." Within this system, a career officer assigned as defense counsel often helps the miracle along by pleading his client guilty. "There is no such thing as a truly vigorous attempt to defend your client in the military," complains a military lawyer in California, "except for those few willing to be branded as renegades."

Important reforms went into effect in August. The Military Justice Act passed by Congress last year entitles the accused to a military lawyer (plus

* From left: Major David Crew, Captain Leeland J. Brumley, Captain Robert F. Marasco (behind Rothblatt), Major Martin Linsky (de-fense attorney) and Colonel Robert B. Rheault.

Chuyen aided the Communists. They are bound to make capital out of the fact that the Army has yet to produce a corpse. Other areas ripe for exploitation include the possibility that the CIA might order its agents not to testify, providing a defense claim that the charges should be dismissed.

If the Army does go through with the trials, Rothblatt will probably demand a change of venue to Washington or Hawaii. He claims that the men cannot get a fair trial in the war zone. Even if the Green Berets lose at first, the defense lawyers are likely to take full advantage of a lenient appeal procedure. After automatic review by the convening authority and an Army court of review, they can take the case to the Court of Military Appeals and then try to shift it to the federal courts. The Army, which likes to prosecute its law violators in private, is not likely to appreciate all the notoriety. The savvy lawyers on the defense team could easily bend the system to turn the accused into heroes.

WORLD COURT

Seeking a Warmer Venue

In theory, the 15 judges of the World Court in The Hague form the top tribunal for resolving disputes under international law. In fact, they have decided only about two dozen largely forgettable cases since 1946. Now the judges yearn to leave the Peace Palace that has been their headquarters. Most of them are in their 70s, and they complain that drafts in the palace are conducive to rheumatism. In a resolution currently before the United Nations, they seek to revise a U.N. statute that restricts the court to The Hague.

The judges, who are from different nations and earn \$30,000 a year, seem to spend as little time as possible in windy Holland. Privately, a few concede that they would prefer a warmer climate such as the French Riviera, where several have villas. In a memorandum to the U.N., they argue that the palace, "while a noble monument, is totally unsuitable" and that The Hague has never become the world law capital that idealists once envisioned. Embarrassed, the Dutch government has renewed an offer of a new site plus \$12 million toward construction of a new building. Meantime, the Swiss government is offering a scenic site in Lausanne.

The whole problem may become academic before long. Returning from vacation this week, the judges will take up the last case that is currently before the court—a Belgian company's compensation claim for a hydroelectric dam confiscated by the Spanish government in 1948. After that, the judges could theoretically pack up and return to their favorite resorts. Few nations are yet willing to submit their quarrels to an international authority, and the World Court will soon have no further business on its agenda.

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SPORT

TENNIS

The Cup in Decline

In his recent book, *The Davis Cup*, Author Edward Potter makes Dwight Davis sound like some sort of Olympian grease monkey. Potter means well: his intent is to praise Davis for having given the game of tennis its proudest trophy in 1900. "It was as if some sage mechanic, looking over a creaking and unbalanced machine, discovered what was missing to make it run and added the one tiny cog which caused the contraption to function in a way undreamed of by its maker."

Today, Davis would be mortified at the creaking and unbalanced condition of the challenge series that bears his name. In Cleveland last week, the U.S. team won a desultory 5-0 victory over a hopelessly outclassed Rumanian club. It was the U.S.'s 21st triumph in the 70-year-old series, and the first time in 20 years that a U.S. team has successfully defended a challenge. Such a victory should have called for a national celebration. In 1969, however, the only result is national ennui—and international embarrassment.

To begin with, the four-month-long elimination rounds were riddled with demeaning incidents. South Africa's *apartheid* prompted Poland and Czechoslovakia to withdraw, and the Great Britain-South Africa series was marred by riots. After Spain had been eliminated, the country's outstanding player, Manuel Santana, was convicted on a charge of involuntary manslaughter. The Rumanians, coached by wily Australian Harry Hopman, stirred some interest by outlasting 49 other nations to become the



DAVIS (CENTER) & CUP COLLEAGUES (1960)
Nothing but ennui and embarrassment.

first Communist country to compete in the Cup finals.

For its part, the U.S. did not do much to nurture East-West good will. The Cleveland courts were larded with three layers of asphalt and topped with a cementlike finish, all of which made the surface considerably faster than any the Rumanians have ever seen. The tourney was also notably lacking in traditional tennis gentility. While S.D.S. demonstrators chanted outside that the Davis Cup was a "function of the capitalist pigs," the Americans charged that the Rumanians were "rude," and the Rumanians accused court officials of mak-

ing "strange calls." The matches themselves verged on farce. The U.S. team of Arthur Ashe, Bob Lutz and Stan Smith so thoroughly overpowered the Rumanians that in the final set of the fifth match, with Ashe leading Ion Tiriac 4-0, the Rumanian star walked off the court without finishing rather than miss a scheduled flight to Washington.

Shamateurism. The most lamentable aspect of this year's Davis Cup challenge was that, although the Rumanians were basically a sound and well-coached team, they had no business reaching the finals in the first place. The ideal Cup match would have pitted an Australian team of Rod Laver, Tony Roche and John Newcombe against the U.S.'s finest. But in the peculiar stratification of tennis players, the Australian stars are classified as full-fledged professionals as opposed to "players" like Ashe, who may compete for money but are not under professional contract to any organization. Last July, Davis Cup officials voted down a motion to sanction the series as an open tournament, which served to preclude the game's top players from competition and perpetuate the charge of "shamateurism" that has plagued tennis for years.

Many of the game's most prominent younger players and officials are gravely concerned over the situation. Says Ashe: "The present discrimination against the pros is ridiculous. The Davis Cup must get in tune with the times." Speaking of next year's meeting of Davis Cup nations, Philippe Chatrier, vice president of the French Lawn Tennis Federation, says: "There is a new progressive element on the move in tennis. I am confident they will vote open Davis Cup." Until they do, the game's most hallowed tournament will continue to be an exercise in hypocrisy.



METS, 6; CARD, 0!

The Mets did it with a flourish, scoring five runs in the fifth inning and going on to lick the St. Louis Cardinals 6-0 and win the National League's Eastern Division title. Afterward, an ecstatic Shea Stadium crowd poured onto

the field to exult over the outcome of their seven-year vigil. Met players bolted for the clubhouse, barely escaping a show of appreciation that resulted in a butchered playing field and several broken arms and legs among the fans.

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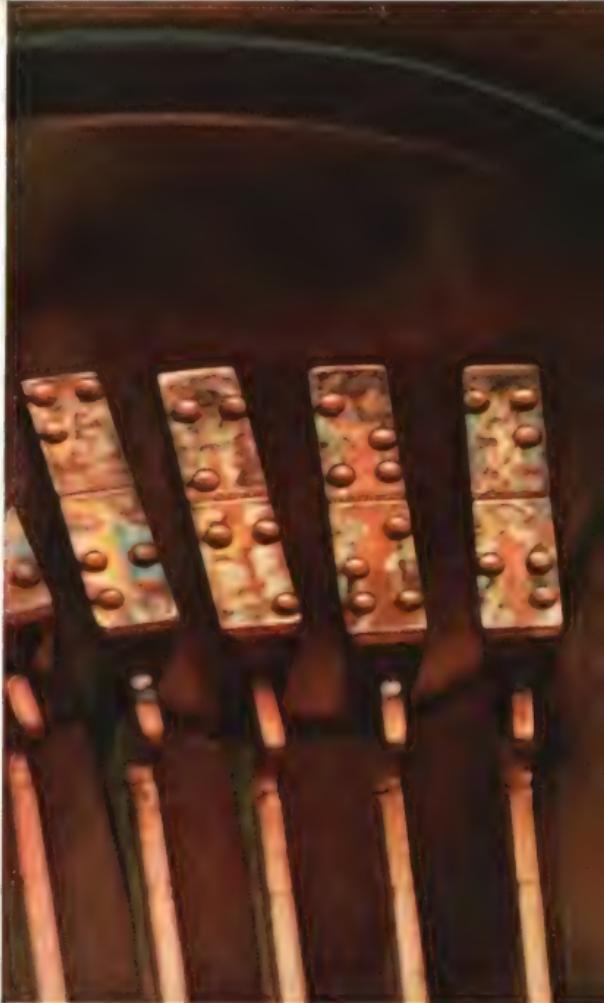
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"To print Braille, the type has to strike the back of the paper, and raise dots on the front. This is almost completely 'backwards' for a typewriter. But the idea fascinated me."

"In 1964, I decided to do something about it. I worked at home, in my spare time. After three years of plugging away at the problem, I finally developed the

right Braille typewriter slogs and the necessary typewriter modifications.

"In 1967, I was able to type a letter to Fred Cissoni, a blind friend who was a consultant. The day after I wrote to Fred, I took the prototype to the office and proposed that my company manufacture the machine. Less than a year later, the first commercial IBM Braille typewriters were in use."

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RECORDS

The Beatles: Cheerful Coherence

"We were more together than we had been for a long time," said John Lennon last week. "It's lucky when you get all four feeling funky at the same time." Lennon was talking about a recording session last summer that produced the latest Beatles record. Out this week, it is called *Abbey Road*, in honor of the group's favorite studios in London. The disk proves lucky indeed—for listeners who like being disarmed by the world's four most fortunate and famous music makers. Melodic, inventive, crammed with musical delights, *Abbey Road* is the best thing the Beatles have done since *Sgt. Pepper* (1967). Whereas that historic record stretched the ear and challenged the mind and imagination, *Abbey Road* is a return to the modest, pre-*Pepper* style of *Rubber Soul* and *Revolver*. It has a cheerful coherence—each song's mood fits comfortably with every other—and a sense of wholeness clearly contrived as a result in musical pleasure.

Childlike Vista. The record's unity is best illustrated by the tightly knit and unpretentious way it combines a variety of styles. Among them: old-line rock 'n' roll (*Oh! Darling*), low blues (*I Want You*), high camp (*Maxwell's Silver Hammer*), folk (*Here Comes the Sun*). Though the listener here and there finds such things as a vocal chorus or a swash of electronic sound, most of the time the instrumental textures are uncluttered by overdubbing. Rarely has John played better guitar than on *I Want You* (*She's So Heavy*), a cunning combination of two songs with a chilling, mean blues throb. Rarely have Bassist Paul and Drummer Ringo achieved more cohesive yet flexible rhythm than on *Mean Mr. Mustard* and *Polythene Pam*.

An intriguing part of the album is the long, interlocked medley on Side 2—a kind of odyssey from innocence to experience. After a dawn-bleeked prelude

(*Here Comes the Sun*), it opens in *Because* with a childlike vista of the world, intoned by the group in their best breathy choirboy manner, and filled with an image of wind and blue sky that "makes me cry." Then come first ineffectual gropings of love followed by loneliness and frustration (*You Never Give Me You Money*). In *The End*, a final note of acceptance of life's burdens is sealed with an affirmation: "The love you take is equal to the love you make." To avoid too much of an amen quality, the side concludes with a brief snoot-cocking ditty by Paul McCartney:

*Her Majesty's a pretty nice girl
But she doesn't have a lot to say.
Her Majesty's a pretty nice girl...
Someday I'm gonna make her
mine, oh yeah.
Some day I'm gonna make her mine.*

As usual, most of the songs are by McCartney and Lennon. Yet it is George Harrison's *Something*, on which he soars as singer and guitarist, that is already getting the biggest play on U.S. radio stations. Beatle-watchers believe that *Something* is something of a milestone for George. Lately he has spent a lot of time communing with Bob Dylan—at the Isle of Wight, where Dylan performed last month (TIME, Sept. 12), as well as at Dylan's home in Woodstock, N.Y. This has helped him achieve a new confidence in his own musical personality. His three colleagues frankly think that *Something* is the best song in the album.

OPERA

Sermons and Satan

The library shelves, opera lovers like to think, are stuffed with forgotten masterpieces. They need only to be kissed into life by princely producers, displayed on the operatic stage, and their somnolent glimmer will instantly flame into theatrical brilliance. Alas, when such pieces are actually performed, they often seem rather dusty. Admirers argue

that



NORMAN TREIGLE AS MEFISTOFELE

Very good at evil.

weakly and the public packs the first performances. Then everybody goes home, resolved to save money for future investment in another round of *Traviatas* and *Bohèmes*.

Arrigo Boito's *Mefistofele* may be an exception. Fosciani admired it. Great bassos love to strip to the waist and storm through it. Famous prima donnas long to play at being beautiful and abandoned in it. The Metropolitan Opera has hinted at doing it for decades, but when the New York City Opera presented it last week, it was the first time that New Yorkers were able to see the opera performed with full stage trapings in 43 years.

Grappling with Goethe. What they saw was a flawed masterpiece. Composers from Berlioz to Richard Adler and Jerry Ross have grappled with the Faust legend—the extent of their genius measurable by the magnitude of their failure. Boito, at least, approaches Goethe as an equal, his Prologue and Epilogue conjuring up infinites of space, time and the magnitude of Heaven.

The New York City Opera's production reflected the music in a swirling fantasy of galaxies, bursting stars and mythic clouds. If the production dragged, it is partly because Boito's talent for invoking the superhuman exceeded his skill at projecting the merely mortal.

Goethe lifted the Faust legend into the realm of cosmic philosophizing. Philosophy, though, is a literary rather than a musical exercise. Music can, on occasion, state a case, but it cannot argue the point. In the end, Boito simply tried to present more Goethe than any composer could hope to cope with.

By purely scenic means, the City Opera helped raise Boito to the realm of



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the abstract. Set Designer David Mitchell and Stage Director Tito Capobianco placed the Prologue not in Heaven but in space. The Epilogue suggests Earth as a dying planet illuminated by the corpse of a setting sun. The production was strongly cast in other major roles. Carol Neblett, a vocally arresting but inexperienced soprano, did both Margherita and Helen of Troy. As Faust, Tenor Robert Nagy sang powerfully but with obvious effort. Julius Rudel's conducting rose successfully to the peaks but tended to coast through the occasional descents of Boito's score.

Whatever the opera's qualities, there could hardly be a better incarnation of Satan than Basso Norman Treigle, 42. Small, skinny, seemingly naked, Treigle flashed through the role like a black-voiced cobra. Plunging from profound depths to baritonal heights, his voice remained huge and perfectly focused through one of the cruellest bass roles ever written. "I can't say I really like this Mefisto," Treigle said afterward. "I think of myself as an actor, not a singer, and it isn't an interesting role. I just keep dashing out and gutting."

Boy Soprano. Offstage, Treigle is a tightly wound man with a gaunt face and the physique of a working bantamweight. His voice is deep, with a tough accent curiously compounded of New Orleans (where he lives) and Brooklyn (where he has never lived). "I started out as a boy soprano," he says. "I could outsing Beverly Sills, but then I turned into a bass. I dunno what kind of voice I got now. Call it a dramatic bass."

Treigle trained under Baritone Robert Weede, and joined the New York City Opera in 1953, where he has sung an astonishing variety of roles and is now the undisputed male star. He has never sung at the Metropolitan Opera ("They never asked me," he shrugs. "So who cares?") or in Europe.

Treigle's great acting vitality, lithe movements and granite voice make him supremely good at dramatizing evil. In Carlisle Floyd's *Susannah* he sang Reverend Blitch, a man of God who fell through lust into destruction; his Mephistopheles in Gounod's *Faust* is demon masquerading as man; to round off his demonic repertory, New York City Opera General Director Julius Rudel is toying with the idea of producing Berlioz's *The Damnation of Faust* (in which Treigle would play yet another Mephistopheles) and Busoni's *Doktor Faust* (in which Treigle would switch roles and appear as Faust, leaving Mephisto to some diabolical tenor).

Treigle is an intensely religious man. "I was raised as a Baptist," he says, "but my religion really is the Bible." He takes a moralistic view of his evil doings in opera: "What better sermon could there be than the destruction of Satan?" His wife approves for another reason. "He's so kind and gentle at home. That's probably because he gets all the meanness out of his system on the stage."



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ART

Black Lamps: White Mirrors

I was a kind of bastard of the West: when I followed the line of my past, I did not find myself in Europe but in Africa. And this meant that in some subtle way, in a really profound way, I brought to Shakespeare, Bach, Rembrandt, to the stones of Paris, to the Cathedral at Chartres, and to the Empire State Building, a special attitude. These were not really my creations, they did not contain my history; I might search them in vain forever for any reflection of myself.

In that passage, James Baldwin gives one reason why he came to hate and fear white people. He looked at their art as into a mirror, and could not see himself there at all. In the "disastrously explicit medium of language" that he uses so well, Baldwin adds a yet icier thought: "This did not mean that I loved black people; on the contrary, I despised them, possibly because they failed to produce Rembrandt."

REVOLUTIONARY OR VICTIM

Baldwin to the contrary, great painters throughout the history of Western art have looked at the black man and mirrored him as beautiful. Not many, but some. Seeking them out, Author-Critic Alexander Eliot culled the great collections of Europe and the U.S. to assemble the remarkable gallery that TIME presents on the following pages. All of the pictures are white mirrors, since oil paint was never the Negro's traditional medium: the promise of black Rembrandts lay in other fields. But all of them reflect the unprejudiced eye that saw beauty could appear in any color.

In the course of his search, Eliot immersed himself in the relatively unknown field of black letters. There he found poems by men whose names are scarcely known—all black men whose verse cast a new light on the unrealized beauty of blackness. Lit by these neglected lamps, the black man's mirrored image takes on a new dimension—a dimension that both enhances the particularity of "negritude" and celebrates a human community of relevance.

Jean-Paul Sartre has said that Negro poetry is "the true revolutionary poetry" of the time, something that transcends race alone. Richard Wright, the father of the black novel, laid claim to "a right more immediately deeper than that of politics or race . . . that is, a human right, the right of a man to think and feel honestly." In Chicago, a mural on a ghetto wall glowers and glows at passersby in pride and in challenge. Or, hear Owen Dodson:

*When can I pray again,
View peace in my own parlor again?
When my sons come home
How can I show em my broken hands?
How can I show em they sister's twisted back?
How can I present them land to them?
How, when they been hanlin in far places for freedom?
Better let them die in the desert drinkin sand
Or holdin onto water and driftin into death
Then they come back and see they sufferin for vain.*

Such work stands peer to Frost, Sandburg and other white American poets who are constantly recited in our schools. In fact, the black tenth of the nation has pro-

duced at least a dozen lyric voices of the most intense quality: Langston Hughes and W.E.B. DuBois, Claude McKay, Fenton Johnson and Frank Horne. Here, selected lines are ranged against the pictures, both as commentary and gloss.

PROUD OR SWAMPED

As it happens, one of the deepest mirrors of black character was painted by Rembrandt himself. His *Two Negroes* is deliberately shadowy, obscure, and many a visitor to the Mauritshuis in The Hague has passed it with barely a glance. Rembrandt signed and dated it 1661. He was in his 50s then, and he had long since stopped attracting attention by his art. Competition and effect-making were behind him now. Instead he was devoting all his strength to something lumpy, crumpled, pierced, forever fragile, to the intersurface where subjective and objective worlds collide: the human face.

Faces are everywhere, of course, for everyone but a hermit to see. Yet, black or white, all faces keep a certain mystery. What lies behind a human face? What lies before it? A face is just a turning leaf of the invisible. And at the deepest level every human being—regardless of race—remains invisible to all the rest.

The chances are that Rembrandt's masterpiece represents not two persons but one alone, shown in contrasting moods and even alternate barberings. The man is classically costumed, as if to act the part of some great African such as King Juba or Hannibal. At the right he stands straight and proud, with hand on hip. Light grips his shoulder in a friendly way. His lips are parted. His eyes appear semi-closed, yet wide open. Then, at the left, he droops. The blues—the first Negro blues in Western art—break over his black flesh. Chin down, barely breathing, he subsides like a swamped skiff.

SECRET AND LOST

The poems that accompany the pictures on the following pages are all by Negroes, and all but one are by Americans. Yet Africa too moves in the depths of each: tender and ghostly, pantherlike, a mother bereaved. For every black American, as Claude McKay's poem suggests, makes peace—or else fails to make peace—with ancestors whose names, whose very tribes, were long since lost to consciousness.

Henri Rousseau's pitch-black *Snake Charmer* reigns at Paris' Jeu de Paume. She makes immense cold phallic serpents writhe into the moonlight, wily. One may identify with her, or them, but either way one finds Rousseau's image pasted permanently to the back of one's brainpan. Those serpents keep on slithering through the jungle of one's own nerve endings, while that level flute pours silence drawn from striped pools.

Gilbert Stuart's *Flautist* is a man cut off from that silence, from wife and children, village, home. He sits soul-locked, haltered in other men's finery. Stuart, the master ironist who gave us a grandmotherly George Washington, here portrays a burnt-cork-face minstrel in reverse. This is a handsome black musician masked, glassed, in a trans-



STREET MURAL IN CHICAGO GHETTO
New reflections on old walls.



Rembrandt: "Two Negroes"

*Hannibal . . . Hannibal
Hangin' thru the Alps
Licked the proud Romans.
Ran home with their scalps—
"Nigger . . . nigger . . . nigger . . ."*

Frank Horne





Henri Rousseau: "Snake Charmer"



Gilbert Stuart: "Flautist"

*For the dim regions whence my fathers came
My spirit, boundaged by my body, longs.
Words felt, but never heard, my lips would frame;
My soul would sing forgotten jungle songs.
I would go back to darkness and to peace.
But the great western world holds me in fee.
And I may never hope for full release.
While to its alien gods I bend my knee.
Something in me is lost, forever lost.
Some vital thing has gone out of my heart.
And I must walk the way of life a ghost
Among the sons of earth, a thing apart.*

*For I was born, far from my native clime,
Under the white man's menace, out of time.*

Claude McKay



Hieronymus Bosch: "Black King" (detail from the Prado Epiphany)

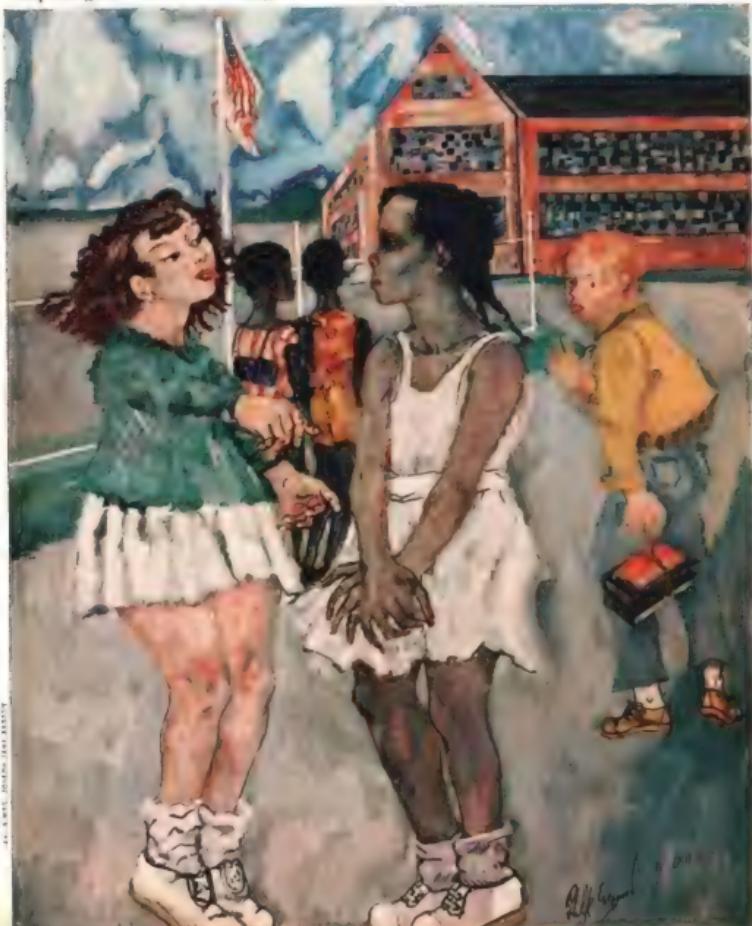
DAYBREAK IN ALABAMA

"When I get to be a composer
"I'm gonna write me some music about
Daybreak in Alabama
And I'm gonna put the purtiest songs in it
Rising out of the ground like swamp mist
And falling out of heaven like soft dew
I'm gonna put some tall tall trees in it
And the scent of pine needles
And the smell of red clay after rain
And long red necks
And poppy colored faces

And big brown arms
And the field daisy eyes
Of black and white black white black people
And I'm gonna put white hands
And black hands and brown and yellow hands
And red clay earth hands in it
Touching everybody with kind fingers
And touching each other natural as dew
In that dawn of music when I
Get to be a composer
And write about daybreak
In Alabama

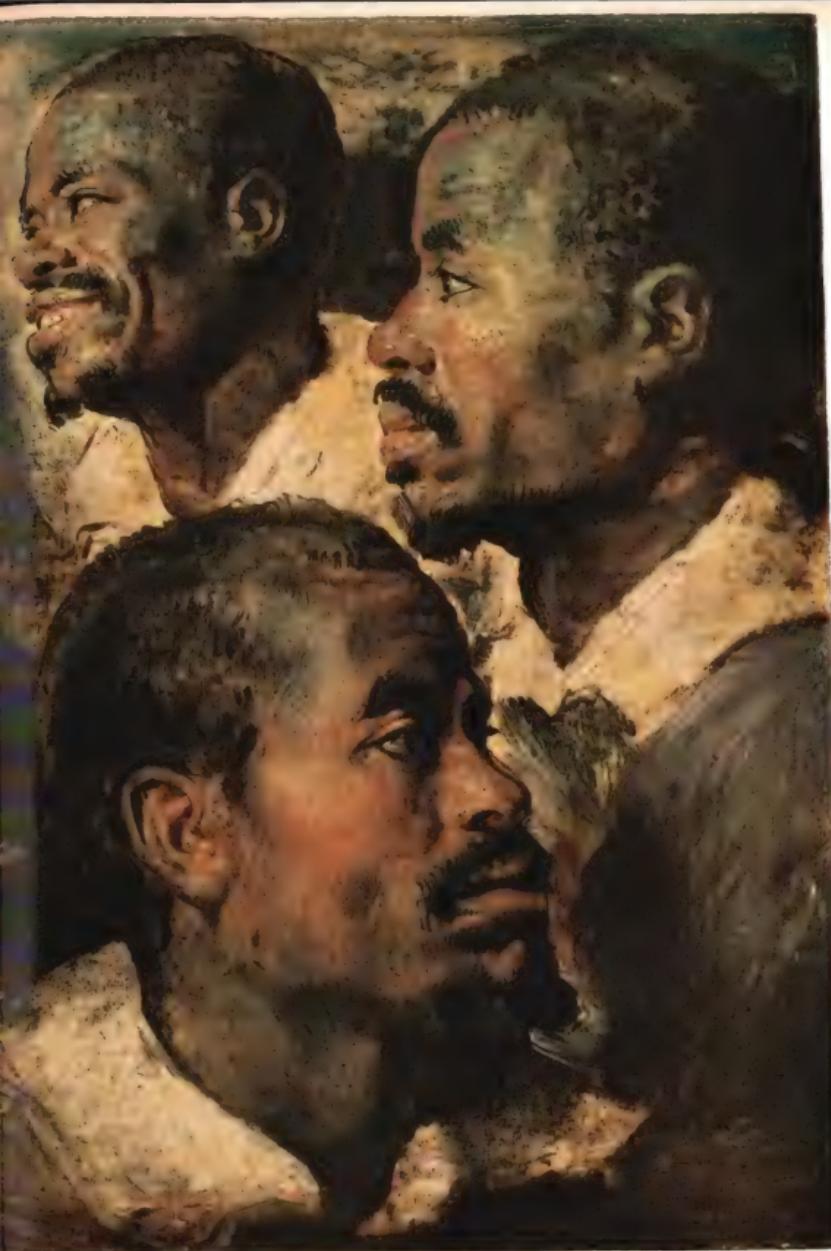
Langston Hughes

Philip Evergood: "There'll be a Change in the Weather"





*We may cry "here" at the rebirth of the world
being the leaven that the white flower needs.*
Leopold Senghor



Peter Paul Rubens: "Studies of a Negro"





George Bellows: "Both Members of This Club"

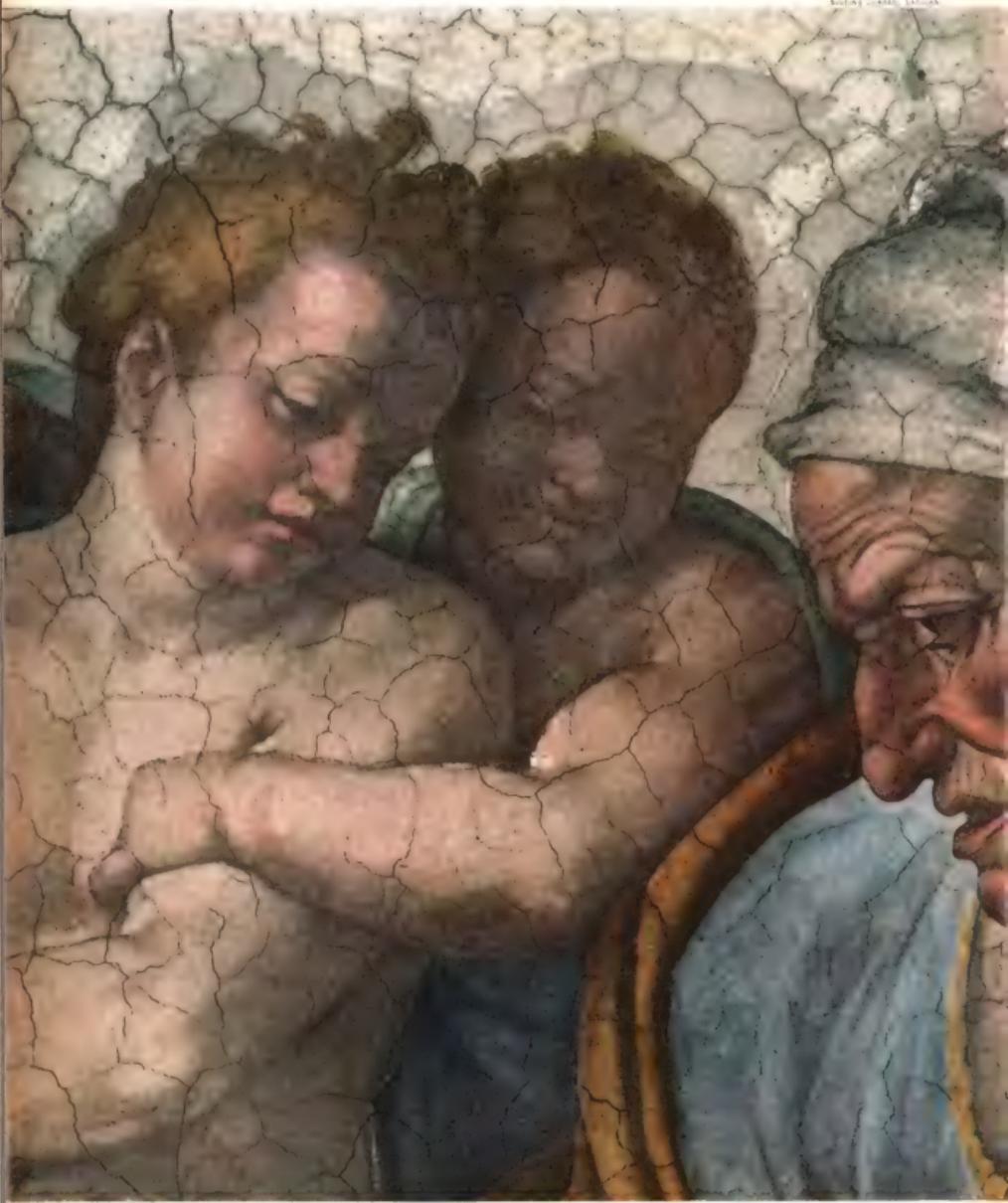
*I am the smoke king,
I am black.
I am swinging in the sky.
I am ringing worlds on high:
I am the thought of the throbbing mills.
I am the soul toil kills, . . .*

*I am the smoke king,
I am black.*

*I am darkening with song.
I am harkening to wrong;
I will be black as blackness can.
The blacker the mantle the mightier the man,
My purpling midnights no day dawn may ban.*

*I am carving God in night,
I am painting hell in white.
I am the smoke king.
I am black.*

W. E. B. DuBois



Michelangelo: "Inspirations of Cumaea the Prophetess"
(detail from the Sistine Chapel)

*A sort of seventh son born with a veil, and
gifted with second-sight.*

W. E. B. DuBois

parent nightmare of snow white. The score before him is withered moonlight. The snakes who wove a raft to carry him have fled away beneath the sea. He holds his flute still, as a drowning man clutches a straw.

There could be no greater gulf than that which separates Stuart's *Flautist* from the *Black King* painted by Hieronymus Bosch. The King is Caspar, the Moorish monarch and one of the Three Magi. He dominates Bosch's *Epiphany* at the Prado Museum in Madrid. The other Magi kneel to adore Jesus. Caspar, by contrast, stands splendidly erect. He is waiting to offer a silver cofier of myrrh: burial ointment nestled in a symbolic world egg. Within himself, one feels, Caspar holds greater treasures than the one between his calm hands.

His nature is watchful, balanced. He may have been the first of the Magi to see the Star of Bethlehem. His beauty is ideal: the painter shaped him to inspire. Seen at some distance, Caspar looms like a tower of onyx robed in slashed summer clouds. Peer closer: he becomes a full-lipped flower bitten by the sun, bleeding pollen.

The black schoolgirl in Philip Evergood's painting *There'll Be a Change in the Weather* stands as straight as Caspar the King. She is wearing sneakers just like the other kids, so white, and a pretty school frock. But she is mocked. The children who should be her friends stick

that Bellows gave to his 1909 masterpiece at Washington's National Gallery has weight. *Both Members of This Club*, he calls it, and there a black man and a white are trying to beat each other's brains out for money.

Black militants and white racists have since carried such struggles far beyond the ring, and a few blacks simply reduced the problem to a slogan: "Get Whitey!" But others, perhaps most, say as Bellows says by implication: "Let there be a struggle, but let us be between equals."

TWO IN ONE BODY

Way back in the 1920s, a black scholar named Alain Locke remarked that "in the case of the American Negro, the sense of race is stronger than that of nationality." And yet, Locke pointed out, "some of the most characteristic American things are Negro or Negroid, derivatives of the folk life of this darker tenth of the population." Small wonder, then, that the greatest American Negroes feel torn at times.

An early beacon of black culture in America, W.E.B. DuBois, died self-exiled in Ghana just six years ago. DuBois composed the poem that here accompanies and reveals the hidden thunder of Bellows' *Both Members of This Club*. Again, it was DuBois who wrote the classic



out their tongues. The beauty of the painting hurts. One almost expects the mothering earth to open and receive the girl, to save her from the hell of that schoolyard. And then, a soft remark of Ralph Ellison's floats into mind:

"You know, the skins of those thin-legged little girls who faced the mob in Little Rock marked them as Negro, but the spirit which directed their feet is the old universal urge toward freedom."

SPEAKING AND SILENT

Peter Paul Rubens once met a Negro on the docks of Antwerp, or perhaps at a party, and asked the man to pose. Probably he gave no more than a morning to the multiple study that now hangs at the Brussels Royal Museum of Fine Arts. This portrait bulges with brilliance, makes room for itself: yet it is not monumental in feeling but intimate. Rubens spins his subject swiftly, eagerly, to see and show the same thing from four viewpoints all at once. Who was the model? No one knows his name. Rubens presumably painted him for fun, for love of that gallant bronze head that seems to bear the fingerprints of God upon its temples. It is a speaking head, although silent. And optimistic, too, against all odds. From that shadowed throat and those strong liana jaws, it speaks of life to men with a torn hope—to paraphrase a poem by Senegal's Léopold Sédar Senghor.

George Bellows once remarked, and rightly, that "the name given to a thing is *not* the subject, it is only a convenient label. The subject is inexhaustible." Yet the label

prose statement of what lies deepest in black blues: "After the Egyptian and Indian, the Greek and Roman, the Teuton and Mongolian, the Negro is a sort of seventh son born with a veil and gifted with second sight in this American world—a world which yields him no true self-consciousness, but only lets him see himself through the revelation of the other world. It is a peculiar sensation, this double consciousness, this sense of always looking at oneself through the eyes of others, of measuring one's soul by the tape of a world that looks on in amused contempt and pity. One ever feels his twoness—an American, a Negro; two souls, two thoughts, two unresconciled strivings; two warring ideals in one dark body, whose dogged strength alone keeps it from being torn asunder."

Changing social attitudes have continually reshaped white mirrors of black images. The attitudes may or may not appear acceptable from a contemporary Negro point of view. But the images hold, and will survive—a settled beauty enduring through and ultimately beyond this year or any year's contention on campus, street riot or ghetto to anger. They are a testament of shared respect, an acknowledgment of mutual dignity.

No artist today, either black or white, could possibly paint or envision the tender, natural black and white spirits as Michelangelo did on the Sistine Ceiling—the twin inspirations of the prophetess Cumaea. But along with Michelangelo, today's artists might ponder the thought of Plotinus, the sooty, stooped and radiant philosopher who argued that dark and light together shape the world.

SCIENCE

AERONAUTICS

Avoiding Collisions

Flying high over Baltimore last week, two Martin 404 airliners hurtled toward each other on what seemed like a sure collision course. Seconds before disaster, the planes suddenly veered apart. One swept upward; the other dipped slightly. So coolly had the maneuver been executed that it seemed as if an invisible electronic hand had guided the controls.

Both pilots, in fact, did have a helping hand. The "near miss" was the first public demonstration of a promising new collision-avoidance system (CAS) that may reduce some of the risks of flying in the nation's increasingly crowded skies. Last year the U.S. had 38 aerial collisions, a 46% rise over 1967. In the years ahead, the risks will increase, as more planes—including jumbo jets and SSTs (see BUSINESS)—join the rapidly growing U.S. air fleet.

Successive Alarms. The new system was sponsored by the Air Transport Association as insurance against airborne chaos. Like the planes used in Baltimore last week, each aircraft equipped with CAS is, in effect, shielded by a huge protective electronic bubble. When one plane's bubble brushes another's, it triggers successive alarms in both cockpits. The first comes 42 seconds before the moment of collision as calculated by the CAS's onboard computers. If the planes are still headed toward each other at 30 seconds, a flashing red light warns the pilots to prepare for evasive action. Five seconds later, the computers issue their final command. Depending on the relative positions of their planes,

one pilot may be ordered to climb, the other to dive or stay level.

The secret of the system is timing. To form the electronic bubbles, each participating plane must send brief radio pulses—none longer than a tiny fraction of a second—in an assigned order of rotation at exact three-second intervals. The system demands such accuracy that all the planes must carry atomic clocks, which are precisely synchronized to a master timepiece on the ground or aboard one of the planes. Theoretically, CAS is so fast and efficient that it can safely handle as many as 2,000 planes over an area of more than 61,000 sq. mi.

The ATA, as representative of the nation's airlines, would like to install the system (estimated cost: \$24,000 to \$50,000 per unit) aboard all commercial aircraft by 1974. But there is one serious drawback. Unless CAS is also carried by private planes, it will not prevent such collisions as the one between a big passenger jet and a small private plane near Indianapolis last month that killed 83 people. Many aviation men feel that the only long-range protection against more aerial tragedies lies in an all-encompassing, new air-traffic control system that would keep tabs on every plane in U.S. skies.

Pulsing Satellites. A preliminary blueprint for just such a scheme was presented last week by California's TRW Inc., a major producer of electronic equipment. Dubbed "Navstar," it would rely on at least four orbiting satellites to serve as aerial traffic cops for the nation's air lanes. Unlike ATA's device, which depends on radio pulses from the aircraft, the satellites themselves

would beep at a precisely controlled rate. Tuning in on these signals, an airborne computer could get an exact electronic "fix" on the plane's position and altitude. By measuring shifts in the frequency or "pitch" of the radio waves as the plane moved toward or away from a satellite, the computer could also calculate the aircraft's speed.

Most important, the process could be reversed. If the plane itself transmitted a readily identifiable signal, it could be picked up by the satellites, relayed to a tracking station on earth, and fed into air-traffic-control computers. By comparing the relayed signals, the ground-based equipment could tell traffic controllers the exact location, altitude and speed of every plane aloft. The necessary onboard transmitter, as TRW points out, would cost no more than a few hundred dollars—easily within the means of almost every private-plane owner in the U.S.

Though aviation officials think that air-traffic control satellites are at least a decade off, Navstar's designer, Electrical Engineer David D. Otten, is more optimistic. If work started immediately, says Otten, a Navstar-type system could be put into service in only three or four years.

ASTRONOMY

Glazing the Moon

While photographing the moon's surface with a special stereo camera, Astronaut Neil Armstrong was fascinated by several glassy patches that glittered like tiny bright mirrors. "I noticed them in six or eight places," Armstrong explained, "always in the same kind of place—at the bottom of a crater." Last week Cornell Astronomer Thomas Gold offered a dramatic explanation. The



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MIRRORLIKE LUNAR STONE
A half-baked Mercury?

moon, he says, may have been scorched by a huge flare-up of heat and light within the solar system.

Since the patches have survived on the lunar surface despite the moon's constant bombardment by micrometeorites and solar particles, Gold calculates that the event was relatively recent—perhaps less than 30,000 years ago. It probably lasted only ten to 100 seconds. The small craters show the effect of the blast because they are natural heat traps. What was the origin of this fiery outburst, which Gold figures was 100 times more powerful than ordinary sunlight? Writing in the current issue of *Science*, Gold speculates that it came from the sun itself, possibly as the result of a collision with a large comet.

Puzzling Conditions. That kind of cat-actism would not have left any obvious scars on the face of the earth, Gold explains, since much of the ultraviolet radiation would have been blocked off by the earth's atmosphere. But, he adds, the atmosphere itself might have been disturbed or even partially swept away. The explosion, for example, might have blown off some atmospheric helium. It could also account for puzzling conditions on other planets, such as the lack of measurable nitrogen on Mars. Perhaps the most spectacular possibility raised by Gold is that one whole side of Mercury, the closest planet to the sun, might have been seared by the blast.

Since a trip to Mercury is still far off, Gold hopes for more immediate confirmation of his theory. An opportunity may come during the Apollo 12 mission in November. If the astronauts discover glazing of the same age in a different area of the moon far from Tranquillity Base, Gold says, he will be satisfied that such a solar catastrophe actually occurred.

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You'll probably agree that wood is good to look at.

But you might like to know how wood adds other values to the home you buy. Because that home is the most important investment you'll ever make.

We have a new House-Hunter's Kit. It covers everything from mortgages to neighborhood selection. And it also tells you how wood adds lasting value to any home you choose. For example:

Wood cuts heating and cooling bills. Wood helps keep heat out in summer, and in in winter.

As a natural insulator, wood is six times better than brick, 15 times better than concrete, and over 1,000 times better than a metal like aluminum.

Recently, a university conducted a fuel consumption test over two years with two houses of identical proportions. One was made of wood, the other of masonry. The wood house used 26.2% less fuel during heating seasons, and 18% less during cooling seasons. Put your hand on a metal window frame in the wintertime. Unlike metal, wood windows stay warm, and don't condense the moisture in your house and drip it

all over your sills, walls and expensive drapes.

Wood makes a stronger home. In the 1964 Alaskan earthquake, masonry and steel-reinforced concrete buildings crumbled and fell. But wood buildings on firm foundations were hardly damaged.

Pound for pound, wood is stronger than steel. That's why 8 out of 10 homes built in America have skeletons and walls made of wood.

Wood adds the custom look...easily.

You'll want all the storage and play areas you can get. Built-ins, decks, kitchen cabinets, room dividers can add a lot of personality without adding a lot of cost. No other material provides such design flexibility, or such a variety of tones, textures and finishes.

If you're a house-hunter who's interested in value, you'll want a copy of our House-Hunter's Kit. Just send \$1.50—check or money order—and your name

and address to the American Wood Council, Box 4156, Chevy Chase, Maryland 20015.



THE THEATER

NEW MUSICALS

A Guide to Modcom

Hair begat *Salvation*, and this new musical is an aesthetically retarded child. However, *Salvation* is instructive because it epitomizes a specific kind of phoniness that began with *Hair* and surfaced again in *Promenade* and the Living Theater. What knits these shows together is something that might be called Modcom.

Modcom is the commercial exploitation of modernity without regard for dramatic art. Modcom peddles the youth cult as a product. It is replete with cynical counterfeits of innocence, freedom

retaliatory these days. Avoid knocking Judaism. After all, the bulk of New York theatergoers are Jewish, and if unduly nettled they might complain to B'nai B'rith. Protestants, like other apathetic majorities, may be savaged at will. Having established a reputation for being fearlessly irreverent, make sure that the cast chants a few Hare Krishnas before the evening is over so that the audience will know that the show is profoundly rooted in the mystical spirituality of the East.

Drug taking is a must. A Modcom producer ought never to forget that it is good box office to proffer simulated wickedness as an act of liberation. That is what is known as a low high. Many a boy's only contact with opium was Dr Fu Manchu, and the closest that many a playgoer gets to a whiff of pot is Modcom.

Be blatant about sex. Nudity is optional, but crudity is mandatory. Sex may be fun, but Modcom insists that its main purpose is to end the war in Viet Nam and provide a physically acceptable substitute for violence. Parting his beard for the press the other day, Beatle John Lennon put it this way: "All you've got to do to prove your manhood is lay a woman." Group grope is very much in vogue and the choreographer who can animate a stageful of writhing, slithering, intertwined bodies stands a good chance of winning this season's Loozen Award.

Deafen the audience. Cudgel it severely about the ears with a blunt amplifying instrument. A hard-rock Modcom musical gives a theatergoer an acoustic third degree. His eardrums are refunded on the sidewalk. However, the test of a good musical score remains unvarying: not whether one can hum the songs but whether one can tell them apart. *Hair* has a beguilingly individualized score; *Salvation* does not.

Mingle with the audience. This takes a little effort, but it is well worth the time wasted. With no plot, the playgoer might get bored. This way he cranes his neck every which way and wonders if he is going to be kissed, piddled, or punched. It's a good way to smell an actor, too, and the odor isn't always as appealing as ham.

Excoriote Viet Nam. Even hawks, let alone parrots, have learned to deplore Viet Nam by now, so this particular arsenal of invective doesn't stir up a Modcom audience as visibly as it once did. Time was when playgoers would weep on their armrests at the old "We won't go" non-fight pep talk.

Apart from its manifold defects, *Salvation*, like all Modcom products, trades on the residual puritanism behind its ostensibly anti-puritan outlook. A people at ease with sexuality, and casually and thoroughly iconoclastic, would not pay good money to see an inept affirmation of a puerile paganism.



"*Salvation*" CAST
Group grope.

and dissent. Enough evidence has now accumulated about how to put together a Modcom show. The rules:

Be plotless. It saves time. Nothing is quite so easy as not to write a book for a show. If plot insists on cropping up, be opaque. A story line that cannot be followed may not be exposed for the meaningless rot that it is. Always assume that the audience has the attention span of an agitated grasshopper.

Be lavish with four-letter words. This is the largesse of an impoverished mind. It is a hair transplant on a would-be manly chest.

Beslime the U.S. Find some degrading way to display the flag. State that the President is an idiotic monster of corruption. Repeat the Modcom pledge of disallegiance: this is a Government of the hypocrites, by the hypocrites, for the hypocrites.

Mock religion. This should preferably be the Catholic religion, since it is distinctly more theatrical, and not terribly

The statement on the next page is intended for the advertising community, the business community and the community as a whole.
It was conceived and written by Bill Bernbach, Bob Levenson and Len Sirowitz of Doyle Dane Bernbach.

DO THIS OR DIE.

Is this ad some kind of trick?

No. But it could have been.

And at exactly that point rests a do or die decision for American business.

We in advertising, together with our clients, have all the power and skill to trick people. Or so we think.

But we're wrong. We can't fool any of the people any of the time.

There is indeed a twelve-year-old mentality in this country; every six-year-old has one.

We are a nation of smart people.

And most smart people ignore most advertising because most advertising ignores smart people.

Instead we talk to each other.

We debate endlessly about the medium and the message. Nonsense. In advertising, the message *itself* is the message.

A blank page and a blank television screen are one and the same.

And above all, the messages we put on those pages and on those television screens must be the truth. For if we play tricks with the truth, we die.

Now. The other side of the coin.

Telling the truth about a product demands a product that's worth telling the truth about.

Sadly, so many products aren't.

So many products don't do anything better. Or anything different. So many don't work quite right. Or don't last. Or simply don't matter.

If we also play this trick, we also die. Because advertising only helps a bad product fail faster.

No donkey chases the carrot forever. He catches on. And quits.

That's the lesson to remember.

Unless we do, we die.

Unless we change, the tidal wave of consumer indifference will wallop into the mountain of advertising and manufacturing drivel.

That day we die.

We'll die in our marketplace. On our shelves. In our gleaming packages of empty promises.

Not with a bang. Not with a whimper. But by our own skilled hands.

DOYLE DANE BERNBACH INC.

RELIGION

The Bible as Culture

WHAT was Cain? Where was the Garden of Eden? What is the patience of Job? Many teen-agers cannot answer such questions—and for a good reason: since the U.S. Supreme Court in 1963 outlawed devotional Bible reading in public schools, few U.S. school systems have offered Biblical studies of any kind. Justice Tom C. Clark's majority opinion in the Supreme Court decision made a point of recommending that the Bible should still be studied for its "literary and historic qualities," but that option is rarely exercised. Some

ated a program, though, there may be a simpler solution: an ambitious new book called *The Bible Reader: An Interfaith Interpretation* (Bruce: \$3.95 paperback).

The 995-page volume was written by a quartet of authors—a Roman Catholic priest, a rabbi and two Protestant scholars—and contains extensive selections from both Old and New Testaments. Its value, however, lies mainly in its wealth of commentary, which provides a cultural understanding of the Bible that few college graduates possess. Moreover, dis-

of America. Work began in 1961 after Father Abbott had been joined by Dr. Rolfe Lanier Hunt, a Methodist educator, the Rev. J. Carter Swaim, a Biblical scholar and Presbyterian pastor, and Rabbi Arthur Gilbert, now dean of the Jewish Reconstructionist Rabbinical College in Philadelphia.

Literature or Revelation. The authors faced formidable problems trying to meet the Supreme Court's requirements and at the same time answer serious theological objections. Though the Clark formula is clear, critics have argued that objectivity is difficult to realize in practice. Most religion courses, Jews maintain, are bound to reflect a Christian bias in what is historically a Christian society. Other critics insist that true impartiality, in any event, distorts the real nature of religion as a sense of the ultimate. "Reading the Bible as literature rather than as revelation," says Rabbi Eugene Borowitz of Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion, "is worse than not reading it at all."

Though *The Bible Reader* has yet to be tested in court, it seems to overcome the other objections to a remarkable degree. Rather than disguise the Bible as a vague sort of cultural literature, the authors do in fact treat it as the central spiritual experience in the lives of the Hebrews, and later, in the lives of Christians. Jewish critics will be mollified by the rich Jewishness of the commentary. Rabbinical interpretations are frequent: renowned authorities like Rabbis Hillel, Gamaliel and Samson Raphael Hirsch are quoted. The Hebrews' escape from Egypt leads to a description of the Passover Seder, and the appearance of the young Jesus in the Temple is used to discuss the ceremony of Bar Mitzvah. Christians will be interested to learn, which means "Son of the Commandment". Some of the details even border on the exotic: when the story of Joseph's temptation by Potiphar's wife is sung in synagogue, the book notes, the musical notation over the word "refused" is long and drawn-out, "suggesting that it was not easy for Joseph to turn away from this temptation."

Famous Rebuttal. Protestants who envision Roman Catholicism as being out of touch with Scripture may be surprised to find how much of the Catholic Mass is derived from the Old and New Testaments. Catholics, on the other hand, may gain a new respect for the earnest Biblical faith of Protestant heroes. *Acts 5:29* ("We must obey God rather than men"), the commentary notes, inspired Martin Luther's famous refusal to recant—"to go against conscience is neither right nor safe"—as well as the defiance of Nazism by Germany's Confess-



ADAM & EVE BEING EXPELLED FROM PARADISE
No attempt to disguise the experience.

diehard school districts in a few states still defy the court and teach an old-fashioned Protestant version of the Bible, but only four states, a handful of cities and some individual schools have attempted new approaches to the Bible.

Each of the attempts has been different. In Indiana, an optional literature course presents the Bible in the light of 19th-century "higher criticism," but few schools have adopted it. In Pennsylvania, a new course on "Religious Literature of the West" tries a broader perspective and includes not only selections from the Bible—but also from the Koran and rabbinical writings. A successful program was created by the University of Nebraska for elementary and secondary schools: it incorporates religious viewpoints on various topics in English courses. Florida, in a promising new effort, combines religion with social studies rather than with literature, and uses historic documents and sermons to illustrate religious influence on various periods. For states that have not yet cre-

ated texts are fully and carefully interpreted, explaining the basic Jewish, Protestant and Catholic viewpoints.

Adam's fall, for instance, elicits a variety of interpretations, from the Catholic teaching on "original sin" to the Calvinist idea of "total depravity," the essential corruption of all man's powers. The authors point out that Jews in particular "do not hold that man is permanently tainted with guilt as a result" of Adam's sin, and quote also the second of the Mormon Articles of Faith, which states that "men will be punished for their own sins and not for Adam's transgressions." Unusual interpretations by smaller sects are noted elsewhere in the *Reader*. General William Booth's idea of a strongly centralized authority for the Salvation Army, the book points out, derived from a passage in the *Book of Exodus*.

The idea for the book originated with Jesuit Priest Walter M. Abbott ten years ago—four years before the Supreme Court decision—while he was an editor

* Or, as W. H. Auden put it in a somewhat broader context:

Thus shall not be my friends terms.

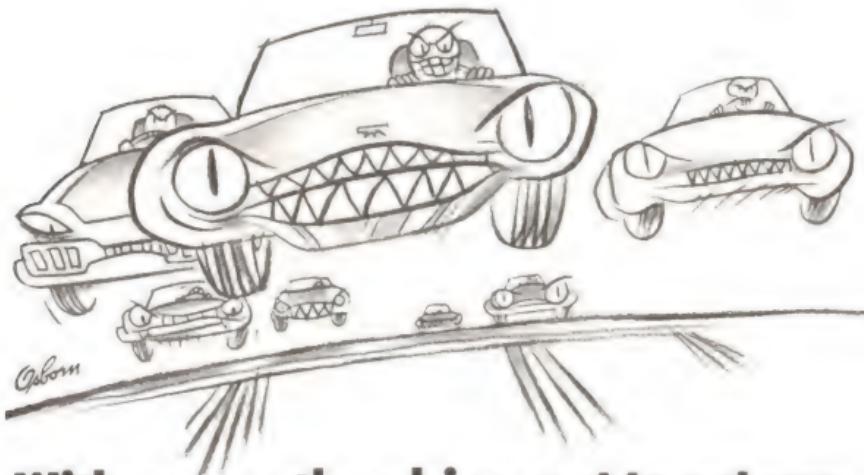
With eyes as advertising firms.

Not think with us.

As read the Bible tor us to prose.

Nor, above all, make love to those

Who wish us much.



With every other driver out to get you, at least your car should be on your side.

Sooner or later you'll find yourself driving down the road thinking you're surrounded by idiots.

And you'll secretly wish you were driving a tank or some giant cement truck in order to make yourself impervious to the madness around you.

These thoughts, of course, are not abnormal. They're simply the ravings of a realist. And could easily lead you to buy a Volvo.

Volvo is designed for the man who recognizes that **TO DRIVE DEFENSIVELY AND WATCH OUT FOR THE OTHER GUY** is the only way to live.

So first, Volvo makes it easy for you to see those who would thwart you in this noble aim.

There are 3800 square inches of glass in a Volvo—more than in many intermediate-sized sedans. So you can see all four corners of the car.

Volvo even comes equipped with rear window defroster, narrowing the possibility of foul weather sneak attacks from behind.

Next, a Volvo makes you feel at home. This is important because your comfort, or lack of it, affects the way you drive. Volvo has bucket seats, adjustable to an infinite variety of positions. There's even an adjustment for firmness and softness in the seat backs.

Volvo possesses the power to let you enter highway traffic courageously. It's not a funny little foreign car that can't keep up with traffic.

More important than going is stopping. So

Volvo has four-wheel power disc brakes. Disc brakes resist fading even after repeated emergency stops. And they don't stop working in the rain. One magazine reports Volvo to have, "Quite probably, the best brakes in the world."

Volvo has made allowances for the man who enters your lane at a place you haven't yet vacated. Steering is precise: four turns lock to lock. Most cars require five or five and a half turns. And evasive maneuvers performed in slow motion are futile.

Many cars ride as though you're driving on marshmallows. Since you drive on roads, Volvo's suspension is firm. A Volvo doesn't wallow around corners. You drive it, it doesn't drive you.

Perhaps the biggest thing you have on your side when you drive a Volvo is an overall feeling of confidence and well being.  Volvos are built so well that 9 out of every 10 registered here in the last eleven years are still on the road.



Things being what they are today, we can't guarantee your Volvo will survive eleven years. But at least we start you off with the odds in your favor.



Why not ride on our reputation?

We do!

Our men know how to pack things and unpack things. They know how to pick things up and how to put things down. They know everything about moving. They should. Most of them have been with us a long time. In fact, Lyon men have the longest record of service with one moving company. Our moving company. It's a record that's made us famous. So, why not ride on our reputation. We've got room for you.

Lyon Van Lines, Inc.
Agents in all principal cities.
Service in all 50 states and
112 foreign countries.



Devastate your friends with your awesome knowledge of stereo. Send for this free book.



Free \$2 value!

This 72-page full-color reference guide is required reading not only for hi-fi and stereo shoppers but also for cocktail party oracles on high fidelity equipment and installations. Illustrated articles explore every aspect of the subject in simple, nontechnical language, in addition to a glossary plus a detailed description of Fisher stereo components. And what can beat that when it comes to brand-name dropping?

Fisher Radio Corporation,
11-42 45th Road,
Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

Please send me the 1970 edition
of *The Fisher Handbook*
without charge or obligation.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

2310690

ing Church. Some examples of heroism are poignant: Quaker John Woolman, dying of smallpox, told his friends to "rejoice evermore, and in everything give thanks." Then he added, "This is sometimes hard to come at."

The Bible Reader is not exclusively concerned with religion. It abounds in references to music, art and literature that reflect Biblical themes, from classical art and music to the late Arnold Schoenberg's contemporary opera *Moses and Aron* and Soviet Author Vladimir Dudintsev's anti-party novel *Not by Bread Alone*. Political and legal references also abound—especially contemporary ones. In selected passages from Jewish law in Deuteronomy, students are invited to find comparisons with today's bankruptcy laws and military exemptions. In an extensive commentary on the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus' counsel to "turn the other cheek" and "love your enemies" is cited as the reason "some persons" become conscientious objectors. Throughout the book, alternative translations of famous passages are offered. An American Indian version of the 23rd Psalm, for instance, reads in part "He puts his hand upon my head, and all the 'tired' is gone."

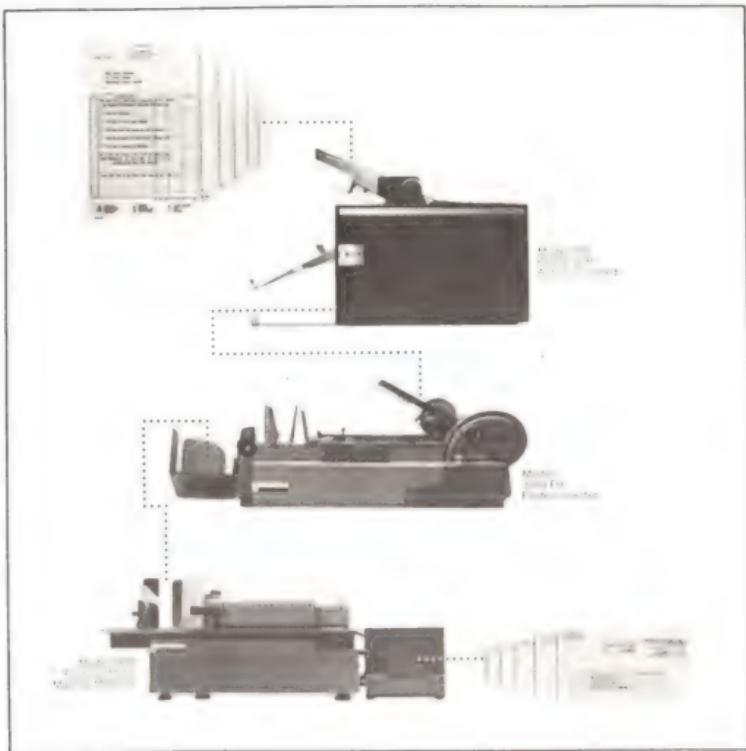
Indeed, perhaps the major problem many will find with *The Bible Reader* is its very abundance of thoughtful material. To cover the book thoroughly, or to expand on it, as the authors suggest, would probably take even the most heroic of teachers (and the most alert of classes) longer than a year of daily sessions. For most schools, the book could very well be spread out over two or three years—an option that the authors just may have intended.

ROMAN CATHOLICS New Pressures On Defreger

"The Defreger Affair" was in the news again. Three months ago Bishop Matthias Defreger, 54, of Munich, was publicly accused of having participated in the wartime executions of 17 men from the Italian village of Filetto di Camarda; Defreger, then a *Wehrmacht* captain, had passed on the execution order avenging the murder of one or more German soldiers. Authorities in Frankfurt eventually dropped the case. Last week, however, the Munich prosecutor had taken up the Defreger affair and was contemplating charges.

Defreger was also under renewed pressure from Rome. The Jesuit newspaper *Civiltà Cattolica* asked whether voluntary resignation might not be "more suitable both for the church and Defreger himself." The question was significant, since the Vatican often uses the paper to express its views. Munich's Julius Cardinal Döpfner announced that his auxiliary for the time being would handle administrative responsibilities but not sacredotal duties. Defreger himself entered a Munich hospital "for a thorough checkup and general rest."

The ultimate solution to ledger card billing.



You're only getting a fraction of the benefit of a ledger card billing system if you still out making copies one by one book here. You can put all your ledger cards in the copier. It feeds it all (the only desk top equipment cooler that does), measures them to size, separates copies from them and stacks them both in order all automatically.

Next instead of folding and inserting copies one at a time, you feed them with window envelopes in their folder inserter. It folds and inserts them automatically.

Finally this postage meter mailing machine seals stamps and stacks the envelopes — and can even print an ad

on them all automatically.

If your present ledger card billing system isn't automated, it's (sorry) time to upgrade. The Pitney-Bowes system puts out between 500 and 600 bills an hour and, of course, keeps busy with other copying and mailing activities throughout the month. For most ledger cards, the cost per copy is 1 1/4¢, probably substantially less than you're paying now. The amount you will save on copies can go a long way towards paying the reasonable monthly lease cost. (Not ready for the whole system now? Take the units you want.)

If you want to take the next step, please fill in the coupon or contact your nearest Pitney-Bowes office.

	Pitney-Bowes
Postage Meters • Addressograph • Printers	Labels • Mailing • Document • Image Mail
Postage MailOpeners • Envelopes • Postage	• Mail Controls • 100 offices throughout the
U.S. and Canada	U.S. and Canada

TELEVISION

SERIES

As the Victorian World Turns

Family series on U.S. television have laugh tracks, Doris Day, cute kids, lovable ghosts, Fred MacMurray and hilarious situations. What they don't have with any consistency is writing, characterization, drama, style and insight. Except, this season, for *The Forsyte Saga*, which begins a 26-week series this Sunday night on National Educational Television. For a turn-of-the-century English family, the Forsytes have everything: a generation gap (in fact, a three-generation gap), extramarital lust, intramural lust, rape, divorce, birth, death, intrigue.

For those who have forgotten their Galsworthy, the first installment is hard to follow without a genealogy (see chart). It introduces 22 of the show's 120 characters with scarcely a pause for breath, then plunges into the troubled life of young Jolyon, played by Kenneth More, a black-sheep painter who scandalizes the family by setting up housekeeping with his daughter's governess, played by Lana Morris. Margaret Tyzack, as Jolyon's cousin Winifred, marries a ne'er-do-well. And then there's Soames, Winifred's brother, who looks like a cross between Abraham Lincoln and a character from *Dark Shadows*. Soames, done to a turn by Eric Porter, is a dour sort, with never a thought of sex in his legal mind. Ah, but tune in the next week, when Soames meets Irene, portrayed by Nyree Dawn Porter.

What distinguishes *The Forsyte Saga* from *Peyton Place* and the *Secret Storm* is its distinguished origins and its careful preparation. The BBC bought rights to the saga from MGM, then Producer Donald Wilson and four writers spent more than a year turning out an adaptation that is remarkably faithful to Galsworthy. Presented on Sunday evenings at 7:25, the series became such a craze in Britain last year that many clergymen rescheduled evensong services in order to avoid losing their congregations. An estimated 17 million viewers tuned in each week. Hostesses had to schedule dinner parties around the series. Sunday-night bingo attendance slumped. It even became something of an international obsession. In New Zealand, cricket matches began an hour earlier. In Yugoslavia, where the series was aired, new editions of Galsworthy's works have been brought out in Serbian and Croatian. Even Russia will not escape: Soviet dubbers are now at work on the series so that it can be shown there next year.

While it is difficult to predict what *Forsyte*'s fate will be in America, it deserves to gather a coterie of faithful followers. The series is a stylish and fast-paced portrayal of Victorian morals and manners as evidenced by one fascinating family. On one hand, it is gripping, dramatic and highly believable. On the other, it is totally entertaining, thus ably and artistically showing what television can do when it sets its standards high.

PREMIÈRES

Old Wrinkles

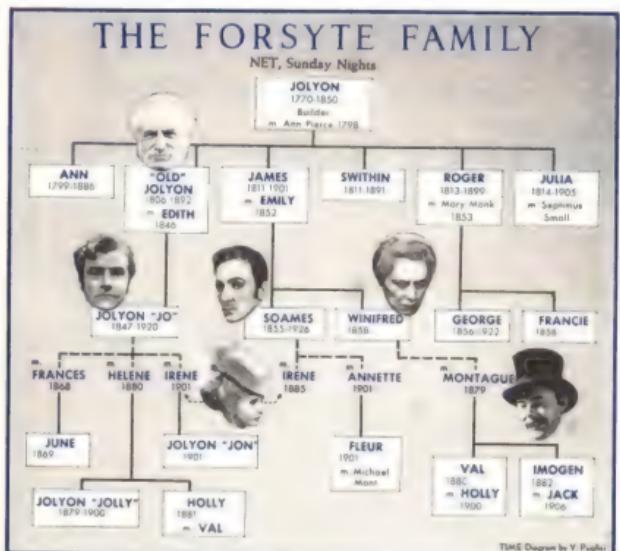
With a couple of notable exceptions, the second week of the new season was about the same as the first; depressing.

CBS's *The Leslie Uggams Show*, and its star, contradicted most of the week's other evidence that the industry is immune to progress. The black singer, after all, made her TV debut in the patronizing *Beulah* series and then sang along with Mitch in taking over the Smothers' time slot last week. Now, at 26, she has emerged with a sweet, sassy authority that is just right for a va-variety-hour headliner. She sang *These Were the Days* with a panache that made the Mary Hopkins original seem lifeless. She played willing straight girl to Impressionist David Frye's show-stealing rendition of William F. Buckley Jr. She starred in "Sugar Hill," a slice-of-life sketch that will be a feature of the series; the opener was more pungent than *The Goldbergs*, if not in a class with *The Honeymooners*.

Another new weekly variety series, ABC's *Music Scene*, rattles with vibrations of *Your Hit Parade*, *Hulaballoo* and *Laugh-In* but bears a few promising new wrinkles. For one, the show does not commit itself to endless and eventually monotonous replays of the same top seven songs every week, as did *Hit Parade*. Instead, *Music Scene* tunes are picked from any place on any of the *Billboard* "Hot 100" or bestseller charts (soul, country, "easy listening"). On opening night the producers shrewdly mixed things up, booking Tom Jones, James Brown and Buck Owens—plus the Beatles. Between numbers, and sometimes during, an engaging young satirical company provided blackouts and sketches. A few too many of the première-night shots misfired, but considering the youthful audience the show is aimed at, the targets were bang on—female fans, senior proms, Richard Nixon and General Hershey.

ABC's other new variety offering is, by comparison, antediluvian. The title, *Jimmy Durante Presents the Lennon Sisters Hour*, says it all. The 76-year-old vaudevillian co-stars with four sisters who, though the oldest is not quite 30, are all 14-year veterans of *The Lawrence Welk Show*. The standard finale of their series will be an upbeat musical tribute to a city. Opening night it was Chicago (that toddlin' town), which the girls cheerily hymned as "the convention center of the nation."

With similar insensitivity, ABC publicized that its new situation comedy, *The Brady Bunch*, will deal with "the most difficult integration of them all, that of the sexes." In the premiere of the series, which is perhaps the most cynically commercial offering of the season, a widow (Florence Henderson) with three daughters and a cat, wed a widower (Robert Reed) with three sons and a dog. The rival pets and siblings reproduced the wedding to a sickening chaos that was about a thousand decibels less



THE ELECTRIC HEAT WAVE:

Are millions changing to electric heat just to save money?

Could be. Because owning and operating economies of electric heating systems have been improving steadily. But cost isn't the *only* reason people are switching to electric heat. Think of its cleanliness. Its gentle comfort. And its carefree modernity. And more. Electric heat offers the widest choice of heating systems you can get, some with exclusive features. And because electric systems are flameless, they keep maintenance down to an absolute minimum ... a major reason why hundreds of

thousands of commercial buildings have electric heat.

Efficiency is still another reason. Because electric heat is nearly 100% efficient, while flame fuels are far less efficient, even at laboratory best.

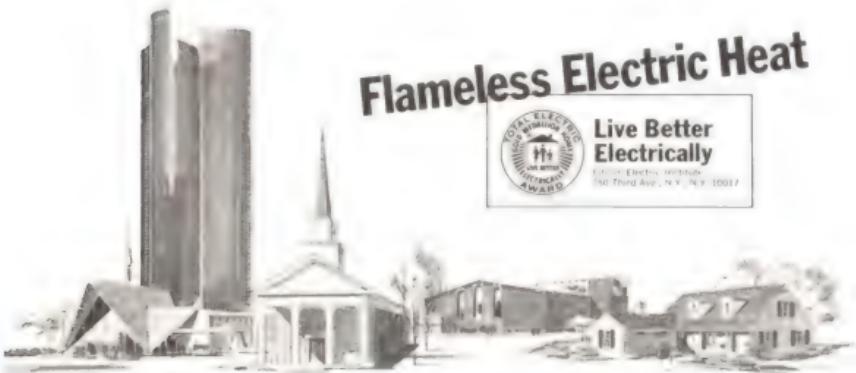
Shouldn't you have electric heat? Get the facts. Plan ahead for continued economies five, ten, twenty years from now. A major factor. For information call your electric light and power company.

Flameless Electric Heat



Live Better
Electrically

Electric Institute
100 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017



Information on typical all-electric buildings in your area is available from your electric utility company.

If it weren't for a volcano, Leilani would taste and cost the same as any ordinary rum.



On the Hawaiian island of Maui, there's a dormant volcano called Haleakala.

And the land that surrounds it is rich in volcanic ash. Which is why we have the juiciest sugar cane in the world. And why Leilani has such a light, distinctive flavor.

However, Leilani does cost a little

more. That's because we make it in small batches. And we make it slowly. Carefully. In small batches. On a remote island. So we can't make much of it.

But we think you'll find the taste so pleasant, you won't mind paying that little bit extra.

After all, Leilani is made in paradise.

"Was it his pipe?"

THE NEW MYSTIQUE OF MADEIRA GOLD

A fascinating tobacco: Smoothness that turns on your taste. Aroma that turns on hers.

When you write **TIME** please enclose the address label that appears on your copies—it will help identify your subscription and speed a reply to your correspondence.

The Adult Peanut.

As dry as a good martini.



hysterically amusing than the show's laugh track suggested.

To Rome with Love (CBS) is the same sort of savorless trifle, with John Forsythe back to the laugh-packed responsibilities of bachelor fatherhood. In this, his third series, he plays a widowed history professor from Iowa who relocates with his three daughters in sunny, funny Italy. **Mr. Deeds Goes to Town** (ABC) exploits both the classic 1936 film comedy of the same name and the stupelying breakthrough in transcultural humor of *The Beverly Hillbillies*. Deeds is a bumbkin newspaper editor who unexpectedly inherits the financial empire of a roisteron uncle and moves to Manhattan to redress family wrongs. In the first episode, TV Actor Monte Markham (*The Second Hundred Years*) wrestled with the Gary Cooper part and an intractable script.

One of the new dramatic series on ABC brings back that pleasant man, Robert Young (*Father Knows Best*), as **Marcus Welby, M.D.** Welby is an old-fashioned general practitioner, but Executive Producer David Victor plays him off against what he calls a "very 'now' young assistant" (James Brolin) who makes house calls on a 650-c.c. motorcycle. The first episode was about as good as U.S. soap opera ever gets: Can the "now" junior G.P., who mistakenly diagnoses a pretty young schoolteacher's terminal brain tumor as a psychosomatic "sex hang-up," make his peace with her before she dies?

The New People (ABC) is another attempt to reach the young by **Mod Squad** Executive Producer Aaron Spelling, 47. A plane load of 40 touring American students was somehow blown off course, crash-landed on an isolated mid-Pacific island and, in the process, lost its radio and any hope of ever returning to civilization. So the kids, stereotypes to a man (one militant black, one racist white Southerner, one rebellious daughter of a Senator) have to create their own world in a sort of college-age *Lord of the Flies*. In the opener, they played Hobbes with themselves and plausibility. The life of the series should be nasty, brutish and—considering *New People's* kamikaze time slot opposite *Laugh-In* and *Here's Lucy*—short.

Curiously, yet another ABC premiere last week, **Movie of the Week**, led off with a plane crash. In this one, seven blind people survived, only to be done in by the tricky, pseudopsychological script. That disaster may or may not have been a harbinger of ABC's remaining 24 movies of the week, since they will come from many different producers. Generally, they will run cheaper (all 25 cost \$16 million) and shorter (80 minutes without commercials) than conventional features. Films specially made for TV can develop into series, witness last season's *Then Came Bronson* and *Marcus Welby, M.D.* TV fans who watch the TV flicks of 1969-70 will probably get a foretaste—and a forewarning—of 1970-71.

This advertisement is not an offering. No offering is made except by a Prospectus filed with the Department of Law of the State of New York and the Bureau of Securities, Department of Law and Public Safety, of the State of New Jersey. Neither the Attorney General of the State of New York nor the Attorney General of the State of New Jersey nor the Bureau of Securities of the State of New Jersey has passed on or endorsed the merits of this offering. Any representation to the contrary is unlawful.

NEW ISSUE

September 17, 1969

\$150,000,000

DIVERSIFIED MORTGAGE INVESTORS

Units consisting of

5,000,000 Shares of Beneficial Interest
(without par value)

and

**\$50,000,000 Principal Amount of 6½% Convertible Subordinated Debentures
Due September 15, 1989**

The securities are being offered only in Units consisting of 100 Shares of Beneficial Interest and \$1,000 principal amount of 6½% Convertible Subordinated Debentures.

Price \$3,000 Per Unit
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MODERN LIVING

FASHION

Chic 'n' Little

Their mothers may be only a *Gi*venchy away from the best-dressed list, their fathers bespoke down to their brogues. But for children until recently, *haute couture* loomed as far in the distance as puberty. Then Paris discovered the minimarket.

First to lure *les enfants* was Couturier Pierre Cardin, who presented a complete line of super-chic children's clothes two years ago. Cardin's collection was as high-priced as it was high fashion. A miniature version of the famous "cosmocorps" jump suit cost \$70, a boy's tweed suit \$80. Orders did not exactly flood in. Taking second thought, Cardin began working closely with his manufacturers, finally succeeded in cutting his prices almost in half. By way of celebration, he opened a special children's boutique this month, directly across Paris' elegant Faubourg St. Honore from his grownup salon. There, potential clients can rattle around in toy racing cars or tumble with giant Teddy bears, while mothers hit the racks with new enthusiasm. Now a jersey dress is a mere \$36, a tweed suit about \$40. Best news of all: children who do not live in Paris, and hardly ever make it over for the collections, can get the same bargains at any of Cardin's 200 outlets around the world.

Small Issue. Parents who care to shop around do not have to stop with Cardin. Ted Lapidus' "Mini-Ted" fashions can make almost any boy look *sougne*, and Carven's "Ma Fille" collection puts mothers and daughters into matching, high-style camaraderie. Jacques Esterel's "négligé snob" would get father and son in the act, too, with everyone wearing identical family jerseys. And then there is Marc Bohan's "Baby Dior"

line. It's not every two-year-old who can wear (or whose parents can afford) a white lace dress costing \$100, or a white rabbit coat for \$250.

Nor is every newborn baby in line for the de luxe set of toilet articles (talcum powder, oil, cologne, cleansing milk, soap and a small embroidered towel) that goes for \$35. But those in the market for a single diaper (embroidered, of course, with the Dior griffe) can get away for only \$3; a gold safety pin to go with the Diapers costs an extra \$3. Price, obviously, is of small issue to the small issue of Morocco's King Hassan; his three daughters are regular "Baby Dior" patrons, as are Iran's Prince Reza (for whom Bohan designed a mimituxedo) and Sophia Loren's nearly year-old son.

Designing for children is no pushover. Even in Paris, "Babies have no necks," sighed Cardin's top tot seamstress last week. "They have no waists, and no chests." Her boss, however, sees his work cut out for him, and no way to avoid it. *Haute couture* for children, Cardin explains, "was a perfectly logical, even indispensable step. The couturier's primary preoccupation is to impose his style. I did it first with women, then with men. It was only natural."

DESIGN

Participatory Art

Neiman-Marcus is already touting it as the "chic Christmas gift of 1969." The day it went on sale at Bloomingdale's in Manhattan last week, lines formed as if something were being given away. Not quite. The bulky box inscribed Vasarely Planetary Folklore Participation No. 1 costs \$500. For that, the customer receives 390 colored, magnetized plastic pieces to be arranged at will within a 20-in. by 20-in. frame—plus the added attraction of hanging



VASARELY & PARTICIPATION NO. 1

From here to eternity.

a work of art he can claim, truthfully enough, to have put together himself.

The kit's real creator is Hungarian-born, Paris-based Painter Victor Vasarely, the most articulate theoretician of the op movement and longtime believer that art should be not merely a luxury for the rich but available to everyone (or almost everyone). Since Vasarely's paintings fetch upward of \$16,000, the obvious way to cut costs was to mass-produce the medium and let the purchaser do the work. Once he hit upon the idea of using movable plastic units, Vasarely applied the fundamental idiom of his paintings—geometry and color. All pieces are snugly interlocking circles and squares and come in 19 carefully chosen, generally compatible shades. A small suction cup is provided for easy manipulation.

The kit also includes programmed directions—each piece is coded on the back—for three of Vasarely's own compositions. But Vasarely advises buyers to forget his own schemes and urges them to figure out their own. That way they may learn something about taste and design. Also about frustration. For though the pieces fit together easily enough, producing a balanced and pleasing arrangement is a true test of ingenuity and self-control. Says one new planetarian: "I couldn't stop. I worked until dawn and got so irritated I nearly screamed. Vasarely's paintings always looked like child's play to me. Now I understand all the long years of work behind them."

Purchasers may find that their years of work are only just beginning. The kit's mathematical potential for producing different compositions adds up to a 281-digit figure, or 5,971,415,683,544,067, followed by 265 zeros. Which means, theoretically anyway, that a die-hard—and his heirs—can create a different design every day just about from here to eternity.



CARDIN



LAPIDUS

Gold safety pins in the Diapers.



ESTEREL



Most traveling salesmen stories weren't made up by traveling salesmen.

Basically speaking, traveling for a living is no joke. Because you travel when it's good for business, not when it's good for you.

For 46 years we've rented more cars to more travelers than anybody else.

What we've learned about the problems of traveling in that time has helped us build a company that's prepared to make things easier for you.

In over 1000 American cities and towns where you are a stranger, there's a Hertz girl who lives in that town.

She can suggest a place to eat, she

has a good idea of where to stay, and a way to get there without getting lost.

She can fill you in on local business customs. And in a pinch, she can even come up with things like a locksmith or an all-night drugstore.

What's more, she's superbly prepared to make sure she won't add to your problems. Nobody can rent you a better maintained Ford or other good car than she can.

But while others just rent you a car, she will rent you a company.



Hertz

You don't just rent a car. You rent a company.

BUSINESS

WHY AMERICANS ARE BUYING LESS

ANGERED by rising prices and fearful of future economic tremors, U.S. consumers have turned cautious in their buying habits. They are shopping harder for bargains, postponing some planned purchases of costly items and hesitating about buying on credit. "We see a marked change over the past four weeks," says Ernest Mollov, president of Macy's, echoing a common sentiment among merchants. Caught in a pincer, they feel squeezed both by the rising costs of doing business and by mounting consumer resistance.

The new mood—welcome to Washington's inflation fighters but a source

"Business is harder to come by," says Saul Zeidman, vice president of Allied Stores. Accordingly, many merchants and manufacturers are revising their advertising to emphasize sound value and cost-savings. For example, Coca-Cola is promoting its 16-oz.-bottle package as the "best buy per ounce" in soft drinks, and Westinghouse Electric stresses "the most refrigerator for your money."

Consumer resistance shows up most sharply in home furnishings and appliances. "We went to four different places before we finally bought a color TV set," says Norma Piel, a Pittsburgh housewife, "and I'm sure that we saved at least \$100." Apparel sales are strong almost everywhere, but stores in Los Angeles and St. Louis report a declining demand for shoes, partly because the new styles, which many people consider ugly, have not really caught on. The fur in-

rometer of future retail-spending trends, fell from 95 in February to 86 in September. "That is a sharp decline," said Paul McCracken, the President's chief economist, adding that it is "additional evidence" that people realize that "the economy is beginning to cool off." Pollster Louis Harris found another reason for consumer unease: six out of ten U.S. families feel that they are not living as well as a year ago because inflation and rising taxes have outdistanced the gains in their income.

Downswing in Profits. The consumer's hole-in-the-pocket feeling was only aggravated by last week's report that consumer prices rose at an annual rate of 4.8% in August. Though that was slightly below average for the year so far, prices are still climbing at a rate of 6% per year. As Oklahoma Senator Fred Harris, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, pointed out in an indignant speech, prices of meat, fish and poultry have increased nearly as much in the past seven months as in the previous ten years. Since 1959, the overall purchasing power of the dollar has shrunk to 75%.

The slowdown in consumer demand should ultimately force retailers to stop raising prices. The process may take many months, because sellers keep boosting prices to compensate for the higher cost of labor and supplies. But will the consumer's new attitude lead to a dangerous decline in U.S. business? Almost all economists anticipate a downswing in profits and a rise in unemployment. Most analysts, however, figure that the decline will not be severe enough to be called a "recession." M.I.T.'s Paul Samuelson expects what he calls a "mimic recession"—six months of no real growth in the G.N.P. Arthur Okun, who was Lyndon Johnson's chief economist, is betting against a full-fledged recession—that is, a sustained decline in G.N.P. His view is shared by the White House. Richard Nixon lost his first bid for the presidency in 1960 partly because of the last U.S. recession. He is the last man who wants to see it happen again.

LABOR

Toward the Four-Day Week

Proposals for a four-day working week have a familiar ring, but last week shorter hours for the same pay became a more likely prospect for the 1970s. I.W. Abel, president of the United Steelworkers of America, served notice that the shorter week will top the list of his union's demands in 1971 contract negotiations. The 32-hour week, he said, would create more jobs and improve productivity by reducing fatigue.



SERVING GROUND MEAT AT FORT DIX
That familiar hole-in-the-pocket feeling.

of concern to many businessmen—has been building up for months. The trend of retail sales has been flat almost all year. During the twelve months that ended last July, sales rose less than 2% while prices advanced nearly 4%, meaning that the actual volume of retail trade shrank about 2%. Though retail sales climbed above last year's levels during the latest week reported by the Commerce Department, most of the increase reflected the early introduction of 1970 auto models (see story, p. 93).

Rising Rebellion. Last week TIME correspondents in a dozen cities interviewed 50 large and small retailers—and many of their customers—about the rising rebellion against high prices. Smaller retailers have been complaining for months, while big department stores and chain stores continued to do quite well. Now that pattern may be changing as consumers tighten their purse strings.

CONSUMER CONFIDENCE INDEX

U of Michigan Survey Research Center



Industry is having its shaggiest year in decades: women are not buying as many minks and Persian lambs as in recent years. In Boston, Detroit and other cities, retailers express misgivings about the prospects for Christmas sales; some are trimming their holiday orders.

The resistance movement has spread far and wide. The Pentagon has just announced that it will stop serving beef stew in military mess halls next year because it costs too much to prepare. Instead, troops will get more hamburgers or meatballs (which they prefer anyway). In another move prompted by price increases, President Nixon last week asked Congress to raise social security benefits by 10% and to provide for automatic increases in the future geared to the cost of living.

In its latest sampling of the public's buying intentions, the University of Michigan's Survey Research Center found consumer confidence on the wane for the second successive quarter. Professor George Katona's index of consumer sentiment, which is based on interviews with some 1,550 householders and has proved to be an accurate bar-

THE SST: RIDING A TECHNOLOGICAL TIGER

THE U.S. has seldom been reluctant to embrace either technological change or the challenge of great national projects. It is a sign of the questioning times that disquiet now attends a project of just such dimensions: the supersonic transport aircraft. Last week, when President Nixon announced his decision to spend \$96 million this year and more than \$1 billion later on to underwrite SST development, the cheers came mainly from the manufacturers and airlines that stand to profit most.

Far from being final, the decision now shifts to Congress, which must pass the appropriations. A spirited debate has raged within the Administration for seven months. Opposing the SST were Nixon's science aide, Lee DuBridge, and Hendrik Houthakker of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. Supporting it were Secretary of Transportation John Volpe, Federal Aviation Administrator John Shaffer, and a genuine American hero, Charles A. Lindbergh, who personally presented the case for the SST to the President.

Proponents of the SST have a compelling economic argument. U.S. aircraft have dominated world skies for 25 years or more, and last year \$1.7 billion worth was sold abroad, the nation's largest single item of capital goods export. Now U.S. supremacy seems threatened. The British-French Concorde, which will carry up to 144 passengers at 1,400 m.p.h., is scheduled to fly supersonically for the first time this month and to go into regular service in 1973. The Soviets are even further ahead: their TU-144 has already logged nearly 200 hours of flight, and may fly passengers supersonically next year to Expo '70 at Osaka, Japan.

The U.S. supersonic will not be test-flown until 1972, and will probably not enter service until 1978. Seattle's Boeing Co. has designed it to be a second-generation SST, leapfrogging the European competition. Compared with the Concorde, it will be bigger, faster and cheaper to operate. The airlines have taken 74 options on the Concorde, but have reserved 122 delivery positions on the Boeing SST assembly line.

\$40 Million a Plane. Yet the SST raises a troublesome question: what is its proper place in the scheme of national priorities? Granted that money saved by delaying the SST would not likely be spent in the ghettos, it is still debatable whether a supersonic transport is a better investment than, say, an aircraft that could take off and land downtown. Every previous generation of aircraft has been cheaper, safer and more comfortable than the one before, but the SST is only faster. It will be no more comfortable and no more economical to operate than the 362-passenger Boeing 747 jumbo jet, which is due to enter service next year.

The Government has spent \$450 mil-

lion so far on feasibility and design studies. Nixon's proposal would commit the Government to invest another \$1.3 billion to build two prototypes. After that, Boeing and its suppliers are expected to finance the early production costs, which will bring the overall total to about \$3 billion. Under a tough contract with Boeing, Washington will recover its investment when the 300th aircraft is sold. The Government will turn a \$1 billion profit if sales reach the Federal Aviation Administration's predicted minimum of 500 by 1990—a return that works out to less than that from putting the money in the bank.

One factor affecting the size of the market—and the fares—will be the selling price of the SST, now calculated at \$40 million a plane. The price of developing new airplanes has an unsettlingly steep rate of climb. The Concorde's development costs so far have almost quadrupled to \$1.72 billion, and the price tag has risen from \$12 million a plane to \$21 million.

20th Century Sound. In a market of 500 SSTs, Boeing's profit will be a handsome \$3.5 million on every \$40 million aircraft sold. The SST will create 25,000 new jobs at Boeing, and another 25,000 among a host of subcontractors, chiefly General Electric, which has engines virtually ready to attach to Boeing's airframe. To forestall criticism that the SST will create few jobs in the ghettos, Boeing is seeking more black engineers.

Beyond economics, there is the question of the sonic boom, which can vary in decibel level from a shot to a 50-mile-wide swath of thunderous sound, and would annoy groundlings, to say the least. Transportation Secretary Volpe last week promised that the SST will fly supersonically only over water, at least until the sonic boom is brought within "acceptable limits." Three countries—Sweden, Ireland and West Germany—have already banned SSTs over their territory. The FAA calculates that if all restrictions on supersonic flight were removed, the eventual market would jump from 500 SSTs to 1,200, adding \$28 billion to sales. Thus there will always be a powerful temptation to remove the speed restrictions and subject Americans to what Boeing calls the "20th century sound."

There is no doubt that the SST, like the jets before it, will lure more passengers into the air. A recent survey conducted for TWA revealed that two-thirds of all passengers responding would prefer to fly supersonically, and 56% would pay a premium of \$50 to do so on a 2,000-mile flight. Still, each SST will cost more than most airlines earn in a single year. Even now, the airlines are stretching the tight money market to pay for the new generation of subsonic jumbo jets and airbuses, and smaller lines only wish that the SST would quietly go away for several years. As soon as the leading air-



lines buy the SST, however, competition will dictate that all must follow.

The SST remains inevitable so long as the Concorde and the Soviet TU-144 are in the air. Yet their threat to U.S. technology could prove to be a mirage. In 1964, Britain tried to cancel the Concorde because of rising costs, but was prevented from doing so by Charles de Gaulle's insistence that Britain live up to its contract. France's new President Georges Pompidou may be more amenable to the idea. As for the Soviet entry, it is largely an unreal threat; no Western airline could risk relying on Russia for spare parts.

The big push to build the SST now emanates from the sheer momentum of technology. After the SST will come the hypersonic transport, with speeds

of 5,000 mph., and then suburban flight. Each step will eventually be taken for the same reason that man climbed Mount Everest: it was there, waiting to be conquered. The still unresolved questions, which Congress must answer, are whether technology must move at a forced-march pace, and whether the boom of supersonic flight in the 1970s is worth the proposed investment of national talent and treasure.

Almost \$3 billion in bonds that would have financed public construction—including a new school for Hondo and a modern hospital for Iron County—have proved totally unmarketable. Probably a much greater total of bonds has not been scheduled for sale because local officials fear that they would find no buyers. Michigan voters, for example, last year approved two issues totaling \$435



FORCED CLASSES IN HONDO AUDITORIUM

The costs of a disaster.

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FINANCE

Less Cash for the Cities

Lucy Elementary School in Hondo, Texas, is so overcrowded that some classes meet in a makeshift room built into the balcony of the auditorium, and in two noisy rooms off the gym. The 500 pupils, mostly Mexican American, are packed so closely together that illnesses spread rapidly among them.

The Stambough General Hospital in Iron County, Mich., is so ancient and rickety that state authorities have ordered it closed by Nov. 26. The sick do not know where they will go after that.

These situations illustrate the social cost of a financial disaster: the near-collapse of the municipal bond market. Other results include a scaling down of planned airport improvements in Los Angeles, an increase in three-shift classroom sessions in the schools of Dade

County, Fla., and fears of flooding in Clinton Township, Mich., because not enough storm sewers are being built. State and local governments spend roughly \$26 billion a year to build schools, hospitals, roads, sewers, airports and the like, and last year they raised almost \$11 billion of the sum by selling bonds. So far this year their bond sales are running 26% below that pace.

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billion bottled up, banks started curtailing purchases of municipals in order to conserve funds for loans to corporate clients. Municipal-bond prices dropped, and interest rates on outstanding bonds rose from an average of 4.85% in December to 6.37% in September. Laws in several states, notably Pennsylvania, Michigan, Florida and California, forbid payment of that much interest on new bonds. Those states, and their local-government units, have been unable to float new issues. Last week local governments failed to sell \$142 million in public-housing bonds paying 6% interest—even though they were backed by the credit of the Federal Government. Proceeds from the bonds were intended to complete several public-housing projects.

Legislatures are considering bills to raise permissible rates in several states, even though that is likely to lead to higher state or local taxes to pay the interest. If the bills pass, some local governments may have another try at selling bonds. Philadelphia school officials plan to offer a \$60 million issue at 7% this month. They found no buyers at 6% in July for two issues of \$30 million and \$17.5 million. The money is needed for a program of closing and replacing 42 slum schools, all of which were built before 1907, and are not fireproof.

Too High a Price. As long as inflation forces the U.S. to restrict the money supply, states and cities will be at a disadvantage in competing against corporations for scarce investment funds. Some local governments may be able to increase taxes or find other ways to raise construction money. But most of the public facilities that were to have been financed by the unsuccessful bond issues probably will be long delayed, if not shelved entirely. That is part of the price that the U.S. must pay for having allowed inflation to rage unchecked for too long. The price, however, is being made unnecessarily high by the proposals to tax municipal-bond interest.

EXECUTIVES

Goodbye to Bunkie's Boys

One way to get ahead in business is to become the protégé of a big executive, but the trick is to pick the right one. C. Richard Johnston and Lawrence K. Shinoda thought that they had done so last year when they followed their boss, Semon E. ("Bunkie") Knudsen, from General Motors to Ford, where Knudsen had become president. Three weeks ago, Chairman Henry Ford II fired Knudsen, telling him that "things just didn't work out." Last week Johnston, 44, a top salesman whom Knudsen had made marketing manager of the Lincoln-Mercury division, resigned in protest over the dismissal of his chief. Shinoda, 39, was fired outright as Ford's director of special-projects design. In dismissing him, says Shinoda, Styling Chief Gene Bordinat explained: "Things just didn't work out."

AUTOS

The Thunking Man's Car

A small car glided out of an American Motors plant in Kenosha, Wis., drove quietly into the night and braked to a stop in a farm field. There, where the air was clear and only noise was absent, the passengers alighted and began loudly slamming the car's doors. After each slam, the men placed stethoscopes against the car body and listened to the lingering vibrations. Half an hour later, everyone climbed back into the car and returned to the plant.

This midnight ride of American Motors engineers was a regular test in their effort to develop doors that slam with what automen call a solid "thunk." One result showed up last week as American Motors introduced the Hornet, its new small car, with an advertisement that urged: "Open a door and listen for the reassuring *thunk* you get when you close it." In auto showrooms, the sound of a car door slamming touches some responsive chord in the frazzled psyche of the American buyer—and all the automakers know it. "There is very little to go on when you buy a car these days," says Carl Hedeon, General Motors' chief of body engineering. "If the glove box opens, the seats are soft and the doors thunk, that's all you have over the competition."

Angry Wife. Every year U.S. automakers invest millions of dollars and countless man-hours to produce the thunk that sells. G.M. employs 250 technicians—including graduates of Purdue,

Stanford and Michigan State—to work exclusively on doors. Ford, Chrysler and G.M. test and refine their thunks in soundproof chambers that are sealed like bank vaults. Stereo tapes are used to record the effects that subtle design changes have on the sound. High-speed movies are made to study vibrations, and oscilloscopes gauge the thunk's duration. The automakers also employ automatic slamming machines, which are sounds ranging from what G.M.'s Hedeon calls the "angry-wife slam" to the "husband-coming-home-late-at-night slam." The former is 50 foot-pounds, and the latter three foot-pounds.

Company chiefs like to test the thunks themselves. Chrysler Chairman Lynn Townsend sometimes drives subordinates to distraction by slamming doors repeatedly in the ear-splitting confines of a testing garage. American Motors Chairman Rev Chapin likes to go into his company's executive parking area to try out the thunk. Ford has a jury of product-development specialists to pass judgment on thunks.

The quality of the thunk depends on many factors: the rigidity of the car's body, the locks, the soundproofing in the door, the carpet on the floor. Heavier cars tend to have sturdier thunks, but lighter models can do well if aided by a few gimmicks. Special bracing inside the door can improve the thunk, but technicians do not know just how or why. "There's a lot of black magic in this thing," says John Adamson, an American Motors' vice president.

What kind of sound do Detroit's

© STAFF/TASS



CHAPIN TEST-SLAMMING HORNET DOOR
The ultimate can never be reached.

technicians attempt to achieve? At G.M., says Product Engineer Jim Leslie, the goal is "ker-chuck"—that's what we want, ker-chuck." Chrysler, says Executive Body Engineer Jim Shank, aims for "the kind of sound you get when you drop a ripe pumpkin in the mud." The ideal sound for American Motors, says Adamson, is "a clump—not a clink, clatter or clunk, but a clump." Of course, he concedes, "we will never reach the ultimate sound." Undeterred, scientists continue to chase across farm fields by dark of night, stethoscopes in hand, in pursuit of the elusive, perfect thunk.



LINCOLN CONTINENTAL



PLYMOUTH BARRACUDA



CADILLAC ELDORADO

AUTOMAKERS are perennially optimistic, and this year is no exception. Despite signs of ebbing consumer confidence and new models that are relatively unchanged, they predict that sales of U.S. and imported cars in the 1970-model year will come close to the 9,600,000-unit level of 1969.

Apart from the new small and sports cars designed to frustrate the fast rise of imports, the 1970s look like and are much like the 1960s. In the year of *deja vu*, the only completely redesigned full-sized car is the Lincoln, which, among other things, now has a body bolted to the frame for a quieter ride. Several cars have more powerful engines; the biggest of all is the Cadillac Eldorado, at 500 cu. in. The Plymouth Barracuda is one of the few cars that have had enough sheet-metal changes

to give the body a new look. The game of hide-and-seek has taken a new turn. Disappearing headlights have been dropped on all G.M. cars except the Corvette, but hidden windshield wipers have been made standard on nearly all cars.

Of course, there have been some changes in prices. G.M.'s are up an average of \$125 a car, Ford's \$108, Chrysler's \$107. American Motors' \$81 though the Hornet, at \$1,994, is pointedly priced \$1 below Ford's competing Maverick. Automen justify the increases by citing higher production costs. G.M. figures that payroll costs have risen 6% in the past year and will go up another 6% this month under terms of the company's labor contract; steel is up 6%, copper and lead 24%, zinc 11%.

Part of the cost squeeze is of Detroit's own making. It stems from the

proliferation of models, options and special features. Ford's general manager, John Naughton, boasts that "we can run our assembly plants at maximum capacity, maximum overtime 365 days a year and not build the same car twice." Ford's Torino, for example, offers a choice of five vinyl roof colors, plus 16 body colors, and 33 sets of interior trim. All that contributes to the more than \$2 billion that Detroit is spending to bring out its new models, and denies auto plants the economies of long production runs of identical cars. Automen insist that they are only giving the public what it wants. Nobody wants to revert to the marketing philosophy that the buyer can have a car in any color so long as it is black. But quite a few buyers might be willing to settle for less choice in return for lower price.



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You've never heard FM/AM sound like this... sound employing Zenith's famous "Circle of Sound" concept. A unique deflector cone, mounted above a big 6½" high-compliance speaker, drives sound outward in all directions. Wherever you sit, you always hear "Front-and-Center" sound. Hear *The Metropolitan*, Model A424, at your Zenith dealer's soon.

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Not the piano. The music. Once you've got it, music is a portable pleasure that follows you all your life. It's a bit of peace you can call up at will. It's a magical gift.

The best way to learn music, of course, is to take piano lessons. Once you play the piano, the way is paved to understand all music better. Wouldn't that be a marvelous gift to give your child? Or yourself?

Naturally we hope you will buy a Yamaha instrument. They are among the finest, richest sounding, most responsive in the world.

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Ask your dealer about the Yamaha Music School

CORPORATIONS

The Coup That Won MGM

Kirk Kerkorian, 52, who built his \$275 million fortune on airlines, hotels and Las Vegas gambling, last week added another potentially rich prize to his leisure and travel domain. He won control of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the ailing moviemaker, with a stunningly successful tender offer for some \$26 million of its common stock at \$42 a share. In August, Kerkorian had picked up 22% of MGM's stock through another tender. Now his holdings will rise to at least 32% and perhaps to as much as 45% of the company's shares, depending on how much of an estimated \$59 million worth of proffered MGM shares he actually buys.

Whatever his decision, Kerkorian should be able to wrest MGM's reins from Edgar Bronfman, who is president of Seagram's, chairman of MGM and owner of about 16% of MGM stock. (Time Inc. owns 5%.) Bronfman strongly opposed Kerkorian's first tender offer but took no position on the second. Kerkorian flew to Manhattan last week to meet MGM executives but kept silent as to whether he will try to oust Bronfman or President Louis ("Bo") Polk from their MGM posts.

The coup was shrewdly timed. Before Kerkorian started bidding, MGM stock had dropped from a 1968 high of \$55 to \$29 a share. The company recently estimated that it lost at least \$25 million during the fiscal year that ended Aug. 31. Most of the deficit, however, grew out of MGM's decision to write off as losses some box-office flops and a great part of its slow-selling inventory of monaural records. Kerkorian thus bought into a company that may be poised for a turnaround. Bronfman has already predicted a profit for MGM in fiscal 1970.

INVESTMENT

Cornfeld's Cornucopia

The conservative moneymen of Europe for years treated Bernard Cornfeld, the Brooklyn-bred magnate of mutual funds, as though he had financial halitosis. Many prophesied an early demise for his Investors Overseas Services, which flouted tradition and aggressively sold mutual funds to investors abroad, much as Fuller Brush men peddle household wares in the U.S. Now that the raffish upstart has built I.O.S. assets to \$1.8 billion, he has become too rich and powerful to deride. Investment houses seek Cornfeld's favor, and continental bankers have begun imitating his sales methods. Last week I.O.S. brought out its first public offering of common stock, and eager investors abroad bid the shares to a large premium.

I.O.S. sold 11 million shares to Europeans, Canadians, employees and business friends. The shares, representing a 20% interest in I.O.S., were priced at \$10, making the \$110 million offering



CORNFELD AT HIS FRENCH CHATEAU
And sometimes a covey of miniskirts.

probably the largest equity issue ever floated outside the U.S. In the first day of over-the-counter trading, I.O.S. rose to \$19 a share, then settled to \$17 at week's end. At that level, the company had acquired a market value of some \$935 million, and Cornfeld's own 15% holding had a paper worth of \$140 million.

No shares were offered in the U.S., where the Securities and Exchange Commission does not permit Cornfeld to operate because he refuses to submit to normal SEC scrutiny. Nonetheless, a blue-ribbon team of U.S. and foreign investment bankers underwrote the issue. Led by Manhattan's Drexel, Harrison, Ripley, the syndicate included France's Banque Rothschild, Britain's Hill Samuel, and Manhattan's Smith, Barney.

Ocelots at Home. Bernie Cornfeld broke into the world's financial establishment by dint of supersalesmanship. He formed I.O.S. 13 years ago in a Paris flat after deciding that there were millions to be made in marketing mutual funds abroad. I.O.S. has since grown into the world's largest financial sales organization, with 13,000 salesmen and 750,000 clients in 110 countries.

Still a bachelor at 42, Cornfeld keeps a Paris apartment, a London townhouse and a 13th century chateau just across the Swiss border in France. His principal abode is a Geneva lakeside villa, where the household includes two ocelots, his Russian-born mother and often a covey of miniskirted protégés. Lately, the restless Cornfeld has turned over much of the day-to-day operation of I.O.S. to some of his millionaire aides. Cornfeld remains the chief, but he obviously hopes to convince the remaining skeptics that I.O.S. is something more than his private fief.



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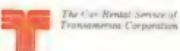
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MILESTONES

Died. Adolfo López Mateos, 59, progressive former President of Mexico; of a 1967 stroke from which he never fully recovered; in Mexico City. López Mateos was easily elected in 1958 as the candidate of Mexico's one major party, the Institutional Revolutionary Party, and spent the next six years bolstering Mexico's economy and international prestige. At home, he quelled labor disputes to entice foreign investment capital and established profit sharing for industrial workers; he spurred agrarian reform by deeding 30 million acres to the peasants, and under his aegis tourism became a \$500 million-a-year business. As an internationalist, López Mateos courted heads of state and led Mexico in the campaign for a nuclear-free Latin America; in 1963, he negotiated the return to Mexico of the 437 acres of El Chamizal strip near El Paso, Texas, ending a century-old border dispute with the U.S.

Died. Manya Harari, 63, Russian-born English publisher and translator; of cancer; in London. Equally at home in either culture, she founded her own publishing house, Harvill Press, after World War II, then dedicated the rest of her life to introducing the works (many of which she translated herself) of contemporary Russian authors. She published the writings of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, Andrei Sinyavsky (Abram Tertz) and Evgeny Evstafyev, but was best known for collaborating with Max Hayward on the translation of Boris Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago*.

Died. Dr. Warren S. McCulloch, 70, major figure in the field of cybernetics; in Old Lyme, Conn. Multifaceted scientist who embraced the disciplines of philosophy, psychiatry and physiology, McCulloch dedicated his life to explaining the workings of the brain and nervous system, especially the thought-storing process, in terms of physical mechanisms. In 1943 he and the late Walter Pitts theorized that the brain could be described as a computing machine, operating on a mathematically logical basis, and that these principles could also be used in computers—a concept that paved the way for great advances in computer technology.

Died. Stella Crater Kunz, 82, former wife of New York State Supreme Court Justice Joseph Force Crater, the central figure in one of the century's classic mysteries; in Mt. Vernon, N.Y. On the evening of August 6, 1930, the recently appointed justice stepped into a taxi after attending a Manhattan dinner party and vanished. A sensational manhunt followed, but failed to turn up a clue. Crater was declared legally dead in 1939 (Stella Crater remarried in 1938), but the case remains unsolved to this day.



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CINEMA

Share . . .

If there is no room at the top for all the Joe Lamptons and Jimmy Porters, those angry young men from the working class, a black man in Britain can't even get his foot on the bottom rung of the ladder. *Two Gentlemen Sharing* presents a tidy essay on John Bull and Jim Crow by telling the somewhat unlikely tale of a West Indian who desperately wants entry into the Establishment and a young ad man who is struggling to get out.

Mackenzie (Hal Frederick) is an aspiring barrister from Jamaica whose search for a London apartment is complicated by predictable amounts of prejudice and duplicity. "Yes, Madam,"



PHILLIPS & GEESON IN "SHARING"
No room at the bottom.

he recites patiently over the phone, "it is a Scottish name. But I am from the West Indies. Yes, I am hopelessly black." On a tip, he finds lodgings in the Chelsea flat of Roddy (Robin Phillips), the son of "decayed gentle folk." Roddy's own insecurities lead him to identify more and more with Mackenzie's black friends and to lure him into a dead-end love affair with a white girl (Judy Geeson).

If Scriptwriter Evan Jones is not totally successful in correlating black and white alienation, he does have a decided knack for good, pungent dialogue. "What do you want from us, baby?" shrieks a black homosexual to a desolate Roddy at film's end. "Whatever answers you're lookin' for, we ain't it. No matter what they tell you, baby, we ain't got rhythm." The fault of this modest and diverting enterprise is that, like Roddy himself, it can never resolve the question of black and white identities and, by attempting to combine the two, produces only an uneasy shade of gray.

... And Share Alike

"I'm an obvious plonker," confesses the hero of *All Neat in Black Stockings*. "You know, someone who shares his crumplet with his mates." Indeed, Ginger (Victor Henry) and his best mate Dwyer (Jack Shepherd) have a smooth little system for sharing the wealth. They bring the birds back to their adjoining digs, dim the lights, then trade rooms and partners. It's not as cushy as the setup in *Two Gentlemen Sharing*, but it gets the job done. At least, until Ginger meets Jill, "the special one" (Susan George). "It's been over three weeks and she's still untouched by human hands," Dwyer complains before righting the situation during a drunken brawl. Ginger, shaken up just a bit at first, finally recovers and marries Jill, who by now is great with Dwyer's child. All of this is supposed to be comic, but it comes out grubby melodrama. There is, as partial compensation, some excellent location photography of suburban London by Cameraman Larry Pizer, but that's just so much frosting on a half-baked slice of lowlife.

White Christmas

As *The Christmas Tree* begins, dozens of eager French schoolboys disembark at the Gare du Nord for a ten-week summer holiday. One little mup-haired cherub named Pascal (Brook Fuller) rushes into the arms of Papa (William Holden) and Papa's fiancée (Virna Lisi). All the kids are happy. All the parents are happy. Even the conductors and porters seem happy. It can never last.

Sure enough, tragedy strikes. On a camping expedition to the Corsican seashore, Pascal is exposed to a lethal dose of radiation from a bomb that dropped accidentally out of a plane that just happened to be flying over that solitary spot in the Mediterranean.

Anyway, after exhaustive testing, it is determined that Pascal has only six months to live. "What?" yells Papa Holden in a frantic outburst against destiny. "You mean there is no hope?" "I would be lying to you if I told you that there was," replies the aging specialist, with a certain sober sadness.

There is, of course, only one thing to do. Papa forsakes his multimillion-dollar business and drives Pascal out to their country place—a little smaller than Versailles, but more cozy—where the child can perish in serenity. Papa assures the faithful family retainer (Bourvil) that Pascal must never know his fate, but the little rascal eavesdrops on the conversation and announces that he has known all along anyway. Every one sheds a tear as Pascal manfully prepares to meet his fate. "I've never seen anything like that Pascal for guts," reflects the family retainer. "Well," comments Papa, "it's a hell of a

way to learn the joys of fatherhood."

Such scenes are punctuated by the ominous overhead rumbling of airplane engines, as the characters stare toward the heavens, reminded of the irony and irrevocability of fate. The white corpuscles finally overwhelm Pascal's tiny body on Christmas Eve, and Papa discovers him, head hidden by the pine branches, expired under the Christmas tree. Still another airplane engine blasts across the sound track as Papa picks up Pascal and carries him off-screen. Viewers may have to be assisted out of the theater in similar fashion.

Time for Medicare

Big "Cat" Catlan's game is off. He was once the *Number One* quarterback in the league, but he's getting old. His younger teammates on the New Orleans Saints ride him, and his wife, a



HESTON AS "NUMBER ONE"
Pleistocene presence.

fashion designer (Jessica Walter), goes into a deep freeze whenever he comes near. As he hobbles off the field, fans below such pleasantries as "Yaaah, why don'tcha apply for Medicare?" He is even driven into an affair with another woman (Diana Muldaur), which is consummated in front of a fireplace and photographed with a lot of lingering dissolves as superimposed flames of passion presumably play over the lovers' discretely naked bodies.

In a vain attempt to make a movie out of all this, Director Tom Gries inserts dozens of pauses between the clichés, some seemingly as long as a half-time ceremony. Charlton Heston brings his usual Pleistocene presence to the part of Cat, presumably granted him because his rain-barrel chest wouldn't look scrawny in the locker-room scenes, but everyone else stands around looking sort of embarrassed. The last tackle comes as a welcome relief, as Heston and the film fall one final time to the gridiron with a resounding thud.



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BOOKS

Bearing Witness

MY LIFE WITH MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR. by Coretta Scott King. 372 pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. \$6.95.

When they first met for a lunchtime date in Boston, she thought he was short and unimpressive. But she soon noticed that "he became better-looking as he talked, so strongly and convincingly." Coretta Scott soon found, too, that "M. L. King Jr.," as he called himself, made quick decisions. By the end of the date, he had told her that she "had everything I have ever wanted in a wife." As she observes in this fond memoir of their 15 years together, "it was as if he had no time for mistakes, as if he had to make up his mind quickly and correctly, and then move on with his life."

From the moment she decided to marry him in 1952, she became as convinced as he was that God had a special mission planned for Martin. When he was asked to take on the leadership of the spontaneous Montgomery bus boycott in 1955, they began to understand what the mission would be. All along the extraordinary path that his life then took he agonized over the difficult consequences of his actions. But he never doubted that he was the instrument of God. Once when a mood of deep depression seemed suddenly to have lifted from him overnight, a reporter wondered if he had changed because he had talked with someone. "No, I haven't talked with anyone," said King. "I have only talked with God."

Underlined Horror. Books like this tend to be ghostwritten, but Mrs. King wrote this one herself. The resulting weaknesses are also the book's strength. If there is an overabundance of expressions of gratitude to myriad friends, there is also much affection that might have been mawkish if presented in more professional prose. The story, moreover, is full of details. The Kings' eldest daughter Yolanda explaining at school that her daddy "goes to jail to help people"; the awed Martin Luther King Sr. listening to his son preach in London's St. Paul's Cathedral and whispering what he would have shouted right out in church at home—"Make it plain, son, make it plain"; Martin as a boy beginning his stoic endurance of punishment by refusing to shed a tear during whippings administered by his father for disobedience.

Curiously, the book is at its best when retelling familiar events. From the bus boycott through the Atlanta sit-ins, from the jailing in Birmingham to the assassination in Memphis, Mrs. King succeeds not merely by adding intimate touches but by providing a personal context within which the events of King's public life take on a deepened drama. "If anybody had told me a couple of years ago that I would be in this po-

effect—particularly in the final section on the assassination. The book offers no particular analysis of the tactics of nonviolence. Her portrait of Dr. King is not drawn with an especially clear or unbiased eye: wifely loyalty often robes him of the humanity of having faults. Dispassionate reportage is not her real purpose. Rather, she has undertaken to bear witness to his life, and she has done so with great warmth and skill.

Primrose Pathfinder

THE WATERFALL by Margaret Drabble. 290 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.95.

The history of the English novel, heroines department, could be summarized as stories of Girls Who Dared To. They swooned, they wept, they rolled their eyes upward, but they dared to. They dared to, and did they ever pay for it, those primrose pathfinders, from Richardson's *Clarissa* to Thomas Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.

Margaret Drabble is a presumably emancipated young Englishwoman in a presumably emancipated world. But her stories—at 30, she has written five brilliantly uneven novels—return atavistically to the primal theme. The difference is, society no longer really punishes the girls who dare to. They do the job themselves, wryly, with masochistic lashes of good old late-20th-century guilt.

In *The Waterfall*, Miss Drabble's self-victimizing heroine is the well-inhibited product of a "faintly clerical background." Jane Gray finds life's natural processes an overwhelming ordeal. Marriage is a great unease. Pregnancy is "almost unendurably frightening."

Nothing is too trivial to be a nightmare for Jane. Housekeeping is quite beyond her. Walking a child to nursery school takes every ounce of resolution she has.

Just after bearing her husband Malcolm a second child, Jane takes as lover her cousin's husband James. Malcolm is a successful musician. James is an unsuccessful garage owner and sportscar buff. But James, with his potency-symbol Maserati, can do one thing Malcolm never could: give Jane sexual satisfaction. (The problem of the modern girl who dares to is that, all too often, she is also the girl who can't.)

To less intelligent and less hung-up novelists than Miss Drabble, the Jameses of literature have been just the tragic princes to deliver a fair princess from her prison tower. For Miss Drabble, sexual love can also lead to the ultimate trap in which puritan self finally gives hedonist self the punishment it deserves. "I will invent a morality that condemns me," Jane cries in desperation. "Though by doing so, I risk condemning all that I have been."

Almost like a suicide, she throws herself into "pure corrupted love," with *Romeo and Juliet* sounding doom in her mind: "These violent delights have



CORETTA KING IN MOURNING, 1968

Illuminating restraint.

sition," King once explained to Coretta, "I would have avoided it with all my strength. But gradually you take some responsibility, then a little more, until finally you are not in control any more. You have to give yourself entirely." When President Kennedy was assassinated, King quietly told his wife, "This is what is going to happen to me." She recalls, "I could not say 'It won't happen to you.' I felt he was right. I moved closer to him and gripped his hand in mine."

When Mrs. King is at her best as a writer, she displays the same dignified control she first showed on television at her husband's funeral. Then her restraint underlined the horror of the days following her husband's death. Now her spare narrative has the same intensifying



WITH HER HUSBAND, 1956

Convinced of a special mission.

violent ends." And in due course, another potency symbol—this time an Aston Martin—nearly kills the lovers. A curious kind of post-catastrophe serenity enters the novel. The puritan's dues have been paid, and for the moment all is in equilibrium. Jane, a blocked poet, can even write again.

But puritans are not got rid of that easily. Miss Drabble has composed her dazzling and anguished novel as a "schizoid third-person dialogue," with alternating sections written as "I" and as "she." "She" is mostly the girl who dares to. "I" is Freud's good old superego, self-recriminating, doing society's work even when society itself has lost its enthusiasm to play enforcer. It is the "I" that has the last word. The closing sentence of the novel reads significantly: "I prefer to suffer, I think."

But everything is not back where it



MARGARET DRABBLE
Punishing girls who dare to.

all started from. *The Waterfall*, Miss Drabble's best work so far, is a superb audit on the profits and losses of love to a woman threatening to destroy herself and those who love her. In a masterful final-balance statement for Jane, Miss Drabble combines hope with scruple: "My need for James had not saved me from myself, but it had perhaps saved others from me."

"Knows Where!"

DR. BOWDLER'S LEGACY: A HISTORY OF EXPURGATED BOOKS IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA by Noel Perrin. 296 pages. Atheneum, \$7.95.

"Shakespeare, Madam, is obscene, and thank God, we are sufficiently advanced to have found it out!" Thus spake the pure—the ever so pure—voice of the born bowdlerizer. Self-congratulatory, combining limitless prudery with limitless zeal, the expurgator haunts

the live authors of the 19th century, and the dead authors of every century previous. Without respect for reputation, he labored—blue stockings on his feet, blue pencil in his hand—to save the reading public from corruption and to save masterpieces (including the Bible) from themselves.

What could prompt an educated man to change Lady Macbeth's most famous line to "Out, crimson spot"? Or to excise mention of Queequeg's underwear from *Moby Dick*? In framing answers, Noel Perrin, professor of English at Dartmouth, takes as his point of departure Dr. Thomas Bowdler, who had a passion for chess and prison reform and an aversion to London smog, sick people, and all writing that, as he put it, "can raise a blush on the cheek of modesty." Certainly the *Family Shakespeare* (first edition 1807, second edition 1818) became the most popular expurgation in literary history. It gave Bowdler's name immortality as part of the language. But Perrin is up against not one man but a state of mind, and he has had the wit and learning to expand his study into a brilliant little work of cultural history.

Licensed Hands, Delicacy, Perrin suggests, became an overrated virtue in the 19th century. No response rated higher than "being easily shocked." One proved one's sensitivity by one's blushes, as Dr. Bowdler indicated, and, if necessary, by fainting. It was clearly feminine behavior, and Perrin dares to hint that behind every successful bowdlerizer there is a woman. Perrin's real scoop, however, is the suggestion that the real Bowdler probably was not Thomas at all, nor his wife, but his sister Henrietta Maria, known as Harriet.

What Perrin's survey makes alarmingly evident is that bowdlerizing could become almost as unbridled a lust as lust itself. An expurgator may begin quietly enough by "topping" or "cutting." He might omit, say, Sodom and Gomorrah from Old Testament stories. But before he is through, he is likely to end up as a compulsive cleaner—"the sort of man who is capable of bringing out an expurgated edition of Wordsworth," as a Victorian clergyman with a penchant for editing was once described.

In fact, Chaucer ranks second to Shakespeare among the victims of bowdlerizing. The company is distinguished: Dryden, Pope, St. Augustine, Benjamin Franklin ("the leading native victim" of American bowdlerism), and, of course, Donne. "An easy test of what kind of college a student goes to," Perrin proposes, "is to quote the single line 'License my roving hands and let them go,' and see if his eyes light up."

Matching the big-name victims are some big-name bowdlerizers. Lewis Car-

* A literary spinster of Bath, Harriet anonymously created the first edition. When Thomas brought out the second edition, he got credit for both.

roll planned some tidy mutilations in his unfinished *The Girl's Own Shakespeare*, intended for his favorite age group (10-17). No bowdlerizer has ever confessed to any problems for himself. Almost all have declared it their duty to save their inferiors from temptation—meaning, of course, the young and the lower classes.

As the passion for expurgation galloped, even the synonyms for bowdlerizing got bowdlerized. "Castrate" and "geld," commonly used to describe their trade by early expurgators, gave way to "purge," "prune," and "chasten." Finally reaction had to set in. The purity market really went out of big business, Perrin figures, with World War I.

Yet he assumes that the source emotion of bowdlerism is still very much with us: "Delicacy has never died," he says, "and never will." Meanwhile, the



HUCK FINN & FRIEND
Saving masterpieces from themselves.

practice still goes on, now catering to different sensibilities. The 1885 bowdlerizer of *Huckleberry Finn* who changed "in a sweat" to "in such a hurry" has been replaced by an enlightened 1960s model who transforms "a nigger woman" into "one of the servants."

The new standard of delicacy is more admirable. But the implicit point of Perrin's book is to make the whole process of text-tampering appear a loser's game. If so, the classic, frightening example to all future bowdlerizers would have to be the editing of Matthew Prior* who approached the line, "You've thrust your finger God knows where!" blushed, and serenely revised it to read: "You've thrust your finger — knows where!"

* Prior is often quoted as the author of the quite unbowlable epigram:

No, no; for my Virginia,

When I lose that, says Rose, I'll die;
Behind the Elms, last Night, cry'd Dick,
Rose, were you not extremely Sick?



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One Disappointing Trial

THE TRIAL OF DR. SPOCK, THE REV. WILLIAM SLOANE COFFIN JR., MICHAEL FERBER, MITCHELL GOODMAN, AND MARCUS RASKIN by Jessica Mitford. 272 pages. Knopf. \$5.95.

In May 1968, Boston was the scene of a long-awaited confrontation. The Government was pitted against "the peace movement" in open court. The charge was one of conspiring "to unlawfully, knowingly and willfully counsel, aid and abet" draft resistance. To make the conflict sharper still, the five defendants were all extremely reputable, particularly Benjamin Spock, the world's foremost and beloved baby doctor, and William Sloane Coffin, Yale's conscience-driven chaplain. They were, in fact, precisely the kind of men whose voices are supposed to be heard on key issues in a free society. Yet their voices had allegedly been

But Miss Mitford was left with a hollow and partisan book.

Nevertheless, she handles the surface facts with clarity and crispness. Huge, amiable Dr. Spock is warmly real in her prose. With apparent balance, she also shows how defense lawyers, instead of helping to cut through to moral essentials of the defendants' arguments, too often sowed confusion and sought the protection of sophistry and technicality. The least attractive result was Coffin's testimony to the effect that he was really helping, not hindering the draft, "because," as he explained, "turning in a draft card speeded up a man's induction and in no way impeded his induction."

Generally, however, the book lacks the searching view that would have deepened our understanding of the trial's meaning. Moderately contemptuous of the law, the author is also, unfortunately, only moderately knowledgeable about it. She has obviously relied on the expertise



DR. SPOCK (SECOND FROM LEFT) & FELLOW DEFENDANTS
Failed confrontation between conscience and the law.

jointly raised in support of violations of the law.

The watching public and reporters awaiting the showdown fully expected a landmark trial that would probe the right to dissent under the First Amendment, examining the morality and legality of political conscience exercised as a conspiracy to encourage defiance of the law. Not least among the reporters was Jessica Mitford. A volatile supporter of liberal causes and noted gorier of sacred cows, she arrived in Boston with her pro-Spock sympathies clearly showing, and she joined the defendants in hoping that the legality of the Viet Nam war could be exactly explored. The hope was dashed when Judge Francis Ford quickly ruled that any discussion of the war's legality—or the draft's—would be irrelevant.

The result was a verdict of guilty (for all but Raskin) and a trial in which few of the larger issues were discussed. That these proceedings later resulted in a reversal by a court of appeals helped Dr. Spock and his fellow defendants.

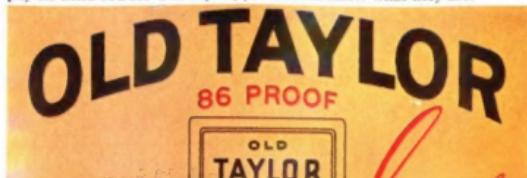
of her lawyer husband, but she seems only to have asked him specific questions. There is no deep exploration of the law's underlying rationale. Kittenish phrases crop up—"for some unfathomable reason known only to lawyers and judges"—which would be acceptable enough if the fathoms of the law were not clearly the business of a book about a trial and the functioning, or malfunctioning, of the legal system.

Jessica Mitford does ultimately raise some provocative questions. She wonders, for instance, whether all trials could be abolished in which—whatever the technical charge—the underlying issue is the political view of the defendants. Juries, she feels, should be encouraged to ignore the literal mandate of the law when its enforcement will produce unjust results. Such suggestions, though, would encourage more thought if they did not seem to spring so narrowly from the experience of one disappointing, dismally conducted trial. Or if they had been presented in a less disappointing book.

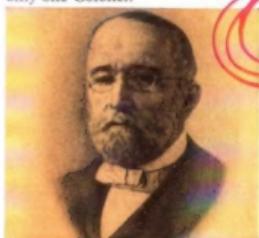
We can prove it's worth the extra money.

Old Taylor is not the only premium-priced Bourbon in America. But it does happen to be the *top-selling* premium-priced Bourbon in America.

There are about six different reasons for that. Before you pay an extra sou for Old Taylor, you should know what they are.



1. Old Taylor was created by an authentic genius. Col. Edmund H. Taylor, Jr. was easily the foremost Bourbon distiller in the late 1800's. Old Taylor is his crowning achievement. There's only one Old Taylor, simply because there was only one Colonel.



2. People (droves of them!) tried to copy Old Taylor. Finally, in 1909, an angry Col. Taylor changed the color of his label to a distinctive yellow, and printed a warning to would-be imitators where they couldn't miss it. *That* took care of that!

THIS YELLOW LABEL IS
IN EXCLUSIVE AND
CONCLUSIVE USE



3. If you think you're paying a kingly price because we distill in a castle, you're mistaken. We make Old Taylor here *not* because it's a castle, but because it's near the delicious limestone spring the Colonel discovered in 1887. We still draw our water from it. And nobody distills close to it!

4. Old Taylor is a signed original. Another step the Colonel took to foil those would-be imitators. (He also went to Congress and got them to pass the Bottled-in-Bond Act—but that's another story.)

OF
TOPMOST
CLASS

5. The three words above are not a swinging slogan. But Col. Taylor put them there, and we haven't changed them any more than we've changed his Bourbon. We still use the same costly small grains, still tend our mash as lovingly, still do everything just as he did it. Who are we to contradict a genius?

6. Taste it.

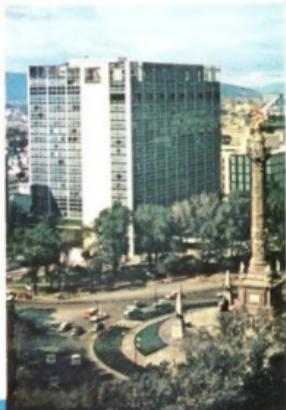
Old Taylor. What the label can't tell you, the flavor can.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, 86 PROOF, THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT & LOUISVILLE, KY.

The Maria Isabel-Sheraton joins 3 other hot-blooded Sheratons.

Mexico City

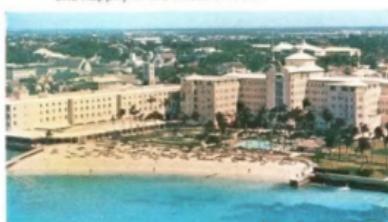
Eleganza. Spanish sophistication enlivened with the spice and specialness of pure Mexico. Maria Isabel-Sheraton is a regal beauty overlooking the Paseo de la Reforma. It's Sheraton's new center south of the border.



Aruba. Here the hot blood turns warm. The native smiles soften and life slows to the rhythm of the Caribbean tides. The Aruba-Sheraton Hotel and Casino takes on the glow of this Dutch paradise and all is tranquil. Except at night in the Club Diablo.



Nassau. Pulses quicken to the Goombay beat. Bahamian chatter in the Straw Market plays against the clipped British accents in the import shops just down the street. The Sheraton-British Colonial sits happily in the midst of it all.



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